Periodical

The CRISIS

SOUTHERN AID SOCIETY OF VIRGINIA, INC.

Home Office: 527 N. Second Street, Richmond, Va.

CONDENSED ANNUAL STATEMENT
December 31, 1923

Balance Ledger Assets Brot. fow'd Jan. 1, 1923		$ 594,927.20
Income for 1923		836,379.88
TOTAL		1,431,307.08
Disbursements for 1923		770,999.29
BALANCE LEDGER ASSETS Dec. 31, 1923		$ 660,307.79

LEDGER ASSETS ITEMIZED

Petty Cash Fund	$ 100.00	
Deposits in Banks and Trust Companies	123,596.80	
Cash in Transit from Dist. Offices	4,419.43	
Total	$ 128,116.23	
Real Estate (Cost Price)	382,458.26	
Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	109,264.10	
Stocks and Bonds	32,215.00	
Bills Receivable	8,254.20	
TOTAL (Ledger Assets as per Balance)	$ 660,307.79	

NON-LEDGER ASSETS

Interest and Rents Due and Accrued	$ 1,871.60	
Market Value of Real Estate over Book Value	7,357.68	
TOTAL (GROSS ASSETS)		$ 669,537.07

ASSETS NOT ADMITTED

Bills Receivable	$ 8,254.20
TOTAL (ADMITTED ASSETS)	$ 661,282.87

LIABILITIES ITEMIZED

Employees' Deposits	$ 23,149.96	
Reserved for Unpaid Claims	1,011.48	
" " Taxes	20,597.64	
" " Interest and Sundry Accts	7,978.91	
TOTAL LIABILITIES EXCEPT CAPITAL		$ 52,737.99
Capital (fully paid)	$ 30,000.00	
Surplus over all Liabilities	$ 578,544.88	
Surplus as regards Policy-holders		$ 608,544.88
TOTAL		$ 661,282.87

Write for your copy of the Annual Statement and an outline of our Superior Service and Protection to Policy-holders.

SOUTHERN AID SOCIETY OF VIRGINIA, Inc.

Operating in State of Virginia and Dist. of Columbia

THE CRISIS

A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AND COPYRIGHTED BY THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE AT 69 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y., CONDUCTED BY W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS; JESSIE REDMON FAUSET, LITERARY EDITOR; AUGUSTUS GRANVILLE DILL, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Vol. 27 No. 6 **APRIL, 1924** **Whole No. 162**

COVER Page

"The Veil of Spring." A Drawing by Laura Wheeler.

OPINION "AFRICA"; "A DESPATCH" 247

SOCIAL WORK IN RACE RELATIONS. E. Franklin Frazier 252

FIRE-CAUGHT. A Poem. Langston Hughes 254

HENRY OSSAWA TANNER. Illustrated. Jessie Fauset 255

CHILD OF THE NIGHT. A Poem. Walter Everett Hawkins 258

WHAT IS AND WHAT ISN'T. Claude McKay 259

TRUE WEALTH. A Poem. Charles Bertram Johnson 262

THE HORIZON. Illustrated 263

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE. Illustrated 269

LITTLE PORTRAITS OF AFRICA. W. E. B. DuBois 273

ICARIAN WINGS. A Poem. Countee Cullen 274

"AS A MAN THINKETH—". William Albert Robinson 275

HERE'S APRIL! A Poem. Jessie Fauset 277

THE LOOKING GLASS. Illustrated 278

THE MAY CRISIS

The May CRISIS brings us "The Young Negro and the New Day," by Willard E. Uphaus and more accounts of Dr. DuBois' travels in Africa.

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY; ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTION TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EXTRA

RENEWALS: The date of expiration of each subscription is printed on the wrapper. When the subscription is due, a blue renewal blank is enclosed.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: The address of a subscriber can be changed as often as desired. In ordering a change of address, both the old and the new address must be given. Two weeks' notice is required.

MANUSCRIPTS and drawings relating to colored people are desired. They must be accompanied by return postage. If found unavailable they will be returned.

Entered as second class matter November 2, 1910, at the post office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PAINE COLLEGE

AUGUSTA, GA.

STANDARD COLLEGE COURSES

Approved Two-Year Normal Accredited Senior High School
Up-to-Date Junior High School

"To develop leaders you must have the best possible equipment for literary training and that is what we are striving for at Paine College", said one of the leaders of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. This Church contributes largely to the support of Paine College.

A Good School at Reasonable Rates

For further information, address

RAY S. TOMLIN, President,
PAINE COLLEGE.

VIRGINIA UNION UNIVERSITY

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

is offering young men an excellent opportunity to secure a liberal education along a variety of lines. Every effort is made to stimulate a full, well-rounded development. High school, college and professional courses are offered. The faculty is strong, the rates are reasonable. For further information address

The President

Lincoln University

Pioneer in Collegiate and Theological Education

Accredited by the Association of Colleges of the Middle States and Maryland.

Lincoln Graduates are Leaders in the various professions and in all parts of the country.

Address:

JOHN B. RENDALL, D. D.,
LINCOLN UNIVERSITY
CHESTER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

WILEY UNIVERSITY

MARSHALL, TEXAS

Recognized as a college of the first class by Texas, Arkansas, Louisiana and Oklahoma Boards of Education. Leading Colleges and Universities represented on its faculty. More than two hundred enrolled in College Department this year. Library and laboratories Strengthened. High standard of scholarship maintained. Due prominence given athletes.

M. W. DOGAN, President

The Cheyney Training School for Teachers

Cheyney, Pa.

A Pennsylvania State Normal School offering, in addition to the regular Normal Course of two years, professional three year courses in Home Economics and Shop Work. A diploma from any of these courses makes a graduate eligible to teach in the public schools of Pennsylvania. A three-year High School Course is offered to all who have completed the eighth grammar grade.

For further particulars and catalog, write

Leslie Pinckney Hill, *Principal*
Cheyney, Pa.

THE CRISIS

Vol. 27. No. 6 APRIL, 1924 Whole No. 162

Opinion of W. E. B. Du Bois

AFRICA

I HAVE just come back from a journey in the world of nearly five months. I have travelled 15,000 miles. I set foot on three continents. I have visited five countries, four African islands and five African colonies. I have sailed under five flags. I have seen a black president inaugurated. I have walked in the African big bush and heard the night cry of leopards. I have traded in African markets, talked with African chiefs and been the guest of white governors. I have seen the Alhambra and the great mosque at Cordova and lunched with H. G. Wells; and I am full, very full with things that must be said.

December 16, 1923

TODAY I sailed from Tenerife for Africa. The night was done in broad black masses across the blue and the sun burned a great livid coal in the sky. Above rose the Peak of Tenerife, round like a woman's breast, pale with snow patches, immovable, grand.

On the boat—the *Henner* from Bremen—I am in Germany and opposite is a young man who fought four and a half years in the German army on all fronts—bitter, bitter. War is not done yet, he says. He's going to Angola.

We are six Germans in this little floating Germany: a captain, fifty or fifty-five, world roamer — San Francisco, Klondike, all Africa, gemüthlich, jovial; a bull-headed, red-necked first officer, stupid, good, funny; a doctor, well bred, kindly; a soldier and business man, bitter, keen, hopeful; others dumber and more uncertain. We drink Bremer beer, smoke, tell tales and the cabin rings.

December 17

ON the sea—slipping lazily south, in cloud and sun and languorous air. The food is good and German. The beer is such as I have not tasted for a quarter century—golden as wine, light with almost no feel of alcohol. And I sense rather than hear a broken, beaten, but unconquered land, a spirit bruised, burned, but immortal. There is defense eager, but not apology; there is always the pointing out of the sin of all Europe.

My cabin is a dream. It is white and clean, with windows—not portholes—and pretty curtains at berth, door and window; electric light.

December 19

THE languorous days are creeping lazily away. We have passed Cape Bojador of historic memory; we have passed the Tropic of Cancer, we are in the Tropics! There is a moon and by day an almost cloudless sky. I rise at eight and breakfast at eight thirty. Then I write and read until lunch at 12:30. About 1:30 I take a nap and coffee at four. Then read until 6:30 and supper. We linger at the table until nearly 9. Then reading, walking and bed by 10.

December 20

IT is Thursday. Day after tomorrow I shall put my feet on the soil of Africa. As yet I have seen no land, but last night I wired to Monrovia by way of Dakar—"President King—Monrovia—Arrive Saturday, *Henner* — Du-Bois." I wonder what it all will be like? Meantime it's getting hot—*hot*, and I've put on all the summer things I've got.

December 20

TONIGHT the sun, a dull gold ball, strange shaped and rayless sank before a purple sky into a bright green and sinking turned the sky to violet blue and grey and the sea turned dark. But the sun itself blushed from gold to shadowed burning crimson, then to red. The sky above, blue-green; the waters blackened and then the sun did not set—it died and was not. And behind gleamed the pale silver of the moon across the pink effulgence of the clouds.

December 21

TOMORROW—Africa! Inconceivable! As yet no sight of land, but it was warm and we rigged deck chairs and lay at ease. I have been reading that old novel of mine—it has points. Twice we've wired Liberia. I'm all impatience.

December 22

WAITING for the first gleam of Africa. This morning I photographed the officers and wrote an article on Germany. Then I packed my trunk and big bag. The step for descending to the boat had been made ready. Now I read and write and the little boat runs sedately on.

3:22 p. m.—I see Africa—Cape Mount in two low, pale semi-circles, so pale it looks a cloud. So my great great grandfather saw it two centuries ago. Clearer and clearer it rises and now land in a long low line runs to the right and melts dimly into the mist and sea and Cape Mount begins Liberia—what a citadel for the capital of Negrodom!

When shall I forget the night I first set foot on African soil—I, the sixth generation in descent from my stolen forefathers. The moon was at the full and the waters of the Atlantic lay like a lake. All the long slow afternoon as the sun robed itself in its western scarlet with veils of misty cloud, I had seen Africa afar. Cape Mount—that mighty headland with its twin curves, northern sentinel of the vast realm of Liberia gathered itself out of the cloud at half past three and then darkened and grew clear. On beyond flowed the dark low undulating land quaint with palm and breaking sea. The world darkened. Africa faded away, the stars stood forth curiously twisted—Orion in the zenith—the Little Bear asleep and the Southern Cross rising behind the horizon. Then afar, ahead, a lone light, straight at the ship's fore. Twinkling lights appeared below, around and rising shadows. "Monrovia" said the Captain. Suddenly we swerved to our left. The long arms of the bay enveloped us and then to the right rose the twinkling hill of Monrovia, with its crowning star. Lights flashed on the shore—here, there. Then we sensed a darker shadow in the shadows; it lay very still. "It's a boat," one said. "It's two boats." Then the shadow drifted in pieces and as the anchor roared into the deep five boats outlined themselves on the waters—great ten-oared barges black with men swung into line and glided toward us. I watched them fascinated.

Nine at Night

IT was nine at night—above, the shadows, there the town, here the sweeping boats. One forged ahead with the stripes and lone star flaming behind, the ensign of the customs floating wide and bending to the long oars, the white caps of ten black sailors. Up the stairway clambered a soldier in khaki, aide-de-camp of the President of the Republic, a custom house official, the clerk of the American legation—and after them sixty-five lithe, lean black stevedores with whom the steamer would work down to Portuguese Angola and back. A few moments of formalities, greetings and goodbyes and I was in the great long boat with the President's Aide—a brown major in brown khaki. On the other side the young clerk and at the back the black, bare-legged pilot. Before us on the high thwarts were the rowers: men, boys, black, thin, trained in muscle and sinew, little larger than the oars in thickness, they bent their strength to them and swung upon them.

One in the centre gave curious little cackling cries to keep the rhythm, and for the spurts, the stroke, a bit thicker and sturdier, gave a low guttural command now and then and the boat, alive, quivering, danced beneath the moon, swept a great curve to the bar to breast its narrow teeth of foam —"t'chick-a-tickity, t'chik-a-tickity" sang the boys and we glided and raced, now between boats, now near the landing—now oars aloft at the dock. And lo! I was in Africa!

December 25

CHRISTMAS eve and Africa is singing in Monrovia. They are Krus and Fanti—men, women and children and all the night they march and sing. The music was once the music of revival hymns. But it is that music now transformed and the silly words hidden in an unknown tongue—liquid and sonorous. It is tricked and expounded with cadence and turn. And this is that same trick I heard first in Tennessee 38 years ago: The air is raised and carried by men's strong voices, while floating above in obligato, come the high mellow voices of women—it is the ancient African art of part singing so curiously and insistently different.

And so they come, gay apparelled, lit by a transparency. They enter the gate and flow over the high steps and sing and sing and sing. They saunter round the house, pick flowers, drink water and sing and sing and sing. The warm dark heat of the night steams up to meet the moon. And the night is song.

Christmas day, 1923. We walk down to the narrow, crooked wharves of Monrovia, by houses old and grey and steps like streets of stone. Before is the wide St. Paul river, double mouthed, and beyond, the sea, white, curling on the sand. Before is the isle—the tiny isle, hut-covered and guarded by a cotton tree, where the pioneers lived in 1921. We circle round—then up the river.

Great bowing trees, festoons of flowers, golden blossoms, star-faced palms and thatched huts; tall spreading trees lifting themselves like vast umbrellas, low shrubbery with grey and laced and knotted roots —the broad, black, murmuring river. Here a tree holds wide fingers out and stretches them over the water in vast incantation; bananas throw their wide green fingers to the sun. Iron villages, scarred clearings with grey, sheet-iron homes staring grim and bare at the ancient tropical flood of green.

The river sweeps wide and the shrubs bow low. Behind, Monrovia rises in clear, calm beauty. Gone are the wharves, the low and clustered houses of the port, the tight-throated business village, and up sweep the vil-

las and the low wall, brown and cream and white, with great mango and cotton tree, with light house and spire, with porch and pillar and the green and color of shrubbery and blossom.

We climbed the upright shore to a senator's home and received his wide and kindly hospitality—curious blend of feudal lord and modern farmer—sandwiches, cake and champagne.

Again we glided up the drowsy river—five, ten, twenty miles and came to our hostess. A mansion of five generations with a compound of endless native servants and cows under the palm thatches. The daughters of the family wore, on the beautiful black skin of their necks, the exquisite pale gold chains of the Liberian artisan and the slim, black little granddaughter of the house had a wide pink ribbon on the thick curls of her dark hair, that lay like sudden sunlight on the shadows. Double porches one above the other, welcomed us to ease. A native man, gay with Christmas and a dash of gin, danced and sang and danced in the road. Children ran and played in the blazing sun. We sat at a long broad table and ate duck, chicken, beef, rice, plantain and collards, cake, tea, water and Madeira wine. Then we went and looked at the heavens, the uptwisted sky—Orion and Cassiopeia at zenith; the Little Bear beneath the horizon, new unfamilar sights in the Milky Way—all awry, a-living—sun for snow at Christmas, and happiness and cheer.

January 1, 1924

AS I look back and recall the days, which I have called great—the occasions in which I have taken part and which have had for me and others the widest significance, I can remember none like the first day of January, 1924. Once I took my bachelor's degree before a governor, a distinguished college president and others. But that was rather personal in its memory than in any way epochal. Once before the assembled races of the world I was called to speak in place of the suddenly sick Sir Harry Johnston. It was a great hour. But it was not greater than the day when I was presented to the President of of the Negro Republic of Liberia.

Liberia had been resting under the shock of war. She had asked and been promised a large loan by the United States. She had conformed to every preliminary requirement and waited when waiting was almost fatal. It was not simply money, it was world prestige and high protection at a time when the little republic was sorely beset by creditors and greedy imperial powers. At the last moment, an insurgent Senate preemptorily and finally refused the request and strong recommendation of the President and his advisors and the loan was refused. The Department of State made no statement to the world and Liberia stood naked, not only well-nigh bankrupt but peculiarly defenseless amid scowling and unbelieving Powers.

It was then that the United States made a gesture of courtesy; a little thing, merely a gesture, but one so fine and so unusual that it was epochal. It sent an American Negro to Liberia. It designated him Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary—the highest rank ever given by any country to a diplomatic agent in black Africa. And it named this Envoy the special representative of the President of the United States to the President of Liberia on the occasion of his inauguration, charging the envoy with a personal word of encouragement and moral support.

It was a great and significant action. It had in it nothing personal. Another appointee would have been equally significant. Liberia recognized the meaning. She showered upon the Envoy every mark of appreciation and thanks. The Com-

mander of the Liberian Frontier force was made his special Aide and a sergeant, his orderly. At 10 A.M. New Years morning a company of the Frontier Force, in red fez and khaki presented arms before the American Legation and escorted Solomon Porter Hood, the American Minister Resident, and myself as Envoy Extraordinary and my Aide to the Presidential Mansion—a beautiful white verandahed house waving with palms and fronting a grassy street.

Ceremonials are old and to some antiquated and yet this was done with such simplicity, grace and seriousness that none could escape its spell. The Secretary of State met us at the door, as the band played the wonderful Liberian National hymn and the soldiers saluted. He took us up a broad stairway and into a great room that stretched across the house. Here in semi-circle were ranged the foreign consuls and the cabinet—the former in white and gilt with orders and swords; the latter in solemn black. Here were England, France, Germany, Spain, Belgium, Holland and Panama to be presented to me in order of seniority by the small brown Secretary of State with his perfect poise and ease.

The President entered—frock-coated with the star of a European order on his breast. The American Minister introduced the Envoy and the Envoy said:

YOUR EXCELLENCY:

The President of the United States has done me the great honor of designating me as his personal representative on the occasion of your inauguration. In so doing, he has had, I am sure, two things in mind. First, he wished publicly and unmistakably to express before the world the interest and solicitude which the hundred million inhabitants of the United States of America have for Liberia. Liberia is a child of the United States, and a sister Republic. Its progress and success is the progress and success of democracy everywhere and for all men; and the United States would view with sorrow and alarm any misfortune that might happen to this Republic and any obstacle that was placed in her path.

But special and peculiar bonds draw these two lands together. In America live eleven million persons of African decent, they are citizens, legally invested with every right that inheres in American citizenship. And I am sure that in this special mark of the President's favor, he has had in mind the wishes and hopes of Negro Americans. He knows how proud they are of the hundred years of independence which you have maintained by force of arms and by brawn and brain upon the edge of this mighty continent; he knows that in the great battle against color caste in America, the ability of Negroes to rule in Africa has been and ever will be a great and encouraging reinforcement. He knows that the unswerving loyalty of Negro Americans to their country is fitly accompanied by a pride in their race and lineage, a belief in the potency and promise of Negro blood which makes them eager listeners to every whisper of success from Liberia and eager helpers in every movement for your aid and comfort. The uplift and redemption of all Africa is in a special sense, the moral burden of Liberia and the advancement and integrity of Liberia is the sincere prayer of America.

May I, finally in thus expressing to your Excellency the good wishes of my country and its President, be permitted to add my own personal sense of the distinction put upon me in making me the humble bearer of these messages. I have now the honor, Sir, to transmit to you the personal word of Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States of America by the hand of Charles E. Hughes, Secretary of State.

* * *

A DESPATCH

Monrovia, Liberia, W. C. A.
February 8th, 1924.

TO the Associated News-Papers of the World:

President of the Republic has denied application from delegates of the Universal Negro Improvement Association to Liberia for an interview. Interview can only be granted if it partakes of an unofficial character and discussions to take place must be of an informal nature and as between private individuals. Any proposal suggesting location for 3,000 immigrants to Liberia must ultimately be denied.

President told me that he is keeping his mind on the obligation of Liberia to the Great Powers, and as such to the maintenance of the Independence of the Republic.

BUTLER'S LIMITED.

SOCIAL WORK IN RACE RELATIONS

E. Franklin Frazier

AFTER the illegal and violent exclusion of the Negro from participation in the political activities of Southern communities, some white and colored people accepted the dogma of the apostle of industrial education that mere industrial efficiency was the solution of the so-called Negro Problem. More profound students of human relations never accepted this dogma; and later events have disillusioned even the most staunch believers in the potency of industrial education as a panacea for racial conflicts. Students of human relations, while recognizing the value of social efficiency to the Negro, saw that the problem was essentially psychological. They knew that no amount of money, property, and skill could give a people the protection and respect due citizens in a civilized state as long as the law and social practice continued to declare them ineligible for such rights.

In recent years some white people, who realize what a shameful spectacle the present relations of the white and colored people in a so-called Christian nation presents to the world, have turned to the church as the hope of establishing race relations upon a basis approximating civilization. In doing so they forgot that economic interest had already split the churches on the question of slavery, where there was a more flagrant violation of fundamental moral principles. Consequently churches in the South living up to their past reputation have done scarcely anything to ameliorate conditions. They are still more interested in getting Negroes into heaven than in getting them out of the hell they live in on earth. There is some hope in the movement that is now socializing the churches, if only the South can be touched. But there is less hope that the church, primarily a conservative social force, will bring about the desired change in social attitudes than that a new force at work in the South will transform the churches. This new force, feeble, to be sure at present in the South, holds the greatest promise for improving race relations. This new force is Social Work.

Social work holds this promise first because of its viewpoint. Without going into the history of social work in America, we shall simply record the fact that social work grew out of the humanitarian spirit and philanthropic efforts of the 19th century that sought to correct the evils which followed the naïve faith in the working of the invisible hand, natural selection, and *laissez-faire* in industrial society, and gave birth to the social philosophy of the 20th century. So we see that from the beginning social work has made personality of supreme importance. Wherever there is a denial of personality because of industrial methods, legal procedure, tradition or custom, social workers have regarded the latter as bad. Naturally those who approach human problems with this viewpoint must hold the present proscriptions limiting the development of the Negro's personality as positive evils. This has been borne out in practice. It is, however, when we consider the chief function and viewpoint of the social worker in society that we see the tremendous possibilities for improving race relations. In a progressive society the social relations at any moment represent on the one hand an accommodation attained by conflicting interests or groups and, on the other hand, adaptation to the physical environment. But with the progress of industry and change of class affiliations, accommodation on a different level is necessary. Institutions represent the crystalized sentiment in respect to a past accommodation. The social worker recognizes the relativity of social practice and seeks to remold institutions to fit a higher accommodation plane without social convulsions. So in race relations. The social accommodation at the present level is unstable at best, but with the progress of education and accumulation of wealth a new level of race adjustment must be reached in which Negro personality can function, if we are to escape the evils of periodic violence.

The social worker can function effectively in changing present practices in the courts, the church, and other institutions so as to make social practice approximate social theory and thereby relieve the present tension.

Although all social workers do not possess this broad vision and spirit of social work, most of them do. Moreover, while well-intentioned workers in other fields immersed in the social atmosphere of the South lose their liberal spirit, social workers are constantly re-baptized at the annual conferences. We do not hold out the hope that social workers will perform any miracles in the South, but they have made it possible for Negroes to come into conferences and sit down as other human beings. The work projected by the Inter-Racial Committee can be effected only by trained social workers who possess the proper technic. This brings us to another contribution which social work can make toward improving race relations.

Social workers have developed a technic, the case method, which is best adapted to the study and analysis of social situations. Much of the work that inter-racial committees in the South are undertaking is not so much the solution of conflict situations as the remedying of general social problems in coöperation with colored people. The field workers who undertake to put into execution the plans of the committees can succeed only insofar as they employ the best methods used in social work. Good will is not sufficient. Too much energy is now being dissipated in sentimentalizing. The case method also affords a method of study for those groups who are studying situations which provoke racial antagonism. The bare recital of conflicts is not sufficient. The setting and development of each conflict situation should be recorded with a scientific attitude so as to bring out the psychic mechanisms that are functioning. Abstract principles come in only insofar as they represent dynamic forces in responses to a given situation. If these classes are conducted with such data before them, it is possible for them, if they are sincere, to discover a new basis for race adjustment. This will eliminate the energy and time which some white people waste in prating about their belief in general principles—always avoiding, of course, concrete application—and in sentimentalizing about the traditional relationship that existed between master and slave.

Let us consider finally the immediate problems that face social workers in the South. Social work is in its infancy in the South, both because industrial development has come late and because the South is not as readily touched by the stream of new ideas as the North. So we have here a movement that represents a new approach in general to social problems. We note first that this new approach is represented in the departments of public welfare, that are being established in the Southern states. It is understood that as soon as public opinion permits, a colored executive is to be placed in charge of the coördinated activities respecting the welfare of colored people. One state, the writer has been informed, is now seeking such a person. These departments are attempting to modernize jails, encourage the employment of probation officers and establish juvenile courts. This naturally means more humane treatment of Negro criminals and delinquent children. The medieval attitude towards crime of the present judge of the Atlanta Juvenile Court, who denounced the activity of social workers and psychiatrists, indicates the obstacles to be overcome. Such a judge is no less antiquated in his notions concerning Negroes. So modernizing of courts means humanizing the treatment of Negroes.

With this development another problem arises; namely, the education of colored social workers. Where the South has followed in the wake of the humanitarian spirit without the spirit and scientific vision of social work, it has undergone no fundamental change in its attitude towards the Negro. An excellent illustration of this is the case of the Atlanta judge who a few years ago appointed his colored chauffeur probation officer. Here was the same old practice of white people who consult their cooks or janitors in matters respecting the Negro. In other cases we find white people interpreting social work in terms of the old paternalism of slavery, and therefore regarding the employment of a "mammy" and doling out of groceries the proper sphere of social work. Only the properly trained colored social worker can impress upon the community the value of the scientific approach and interpret social work in terms of personality. A very few colored people have had professional training in social work. To meet the growing demand in the South a group of representative colored and white people established a few years ago the Atlanta School of Social Work. Because of lack of endowment this school has depended for a teaching staff upon workers

in the social agencies of Atlanta, a Red Cross worker paid especially to teach case work; and the professor of Social Science at Morehouse College. While the work of the school has been limited, it has set a standard for colored social workers, and with the proper endowment promises to set a high standard throughout the South.

We have yet to consider the rôle of national organizations engaged in organizing social work in the South. It is here that the influence of social work as a fundamentally ameliorative force is tested. The Young Men's Christian Association, in deference to race prejudice but hardly in accordance with Christian principles, has established separate departments. These have thrived less in the South than in large centers of Negro population in the border states and the North. It is fair to say that concession to Southern prejudice has denied the most needy portion of the population the influence of practical Christian service. The National Boy Scouts Organization has sinned even more grievously. While advertising to all the world their earnest desire to mold character and prevent juvenile delinquency through organized play, they continue to refuse colored boys the right to organize Scout patrols under the pretense that it is a matter of local jurisdiction. The Association of Social Workers faced this matter squarely at its last meeting and the national organization has reserved the right to pass upon the eligibility of members; for they were well aware of the attitude of Southern states. Instead of hiding behind lies and excuses, why does not the Scouts Organization declare boldly that they do not believe Negro character worth preserving? And until this national organization recognizes its duty to Negro boys in the South, we can hope for no assistance from it in improving race relations. They are helping in fact to further crystalize the present undemocratic and uncivilized attitudes.

The well-known work of the National Urban League which first projected a plan of inter-racial coöperation in attacking the race problem, has been confined principally to adjusting the Negro to an urban life in Northern industrial centers. At present the work is being extended in growing Southern cities to meet urgent social problems.

Now, what will be the attitude of such agencies as the societies for family welfare? Are they going to tack on an inefficient colored branch so as to appear sincere before the world; and then turning their back upon the stepchild of charity, devote their energies to work among whites? The availability of well-trained colored workers will check to some extent such hypocrisy. National organizations must remember that every time this is done, it gives support to an undemocratic system that is growing more intolerable every day. When national organizations for organizing social work enter the South, there is only one path open to them if they are sincere in their efforts to safeguard personality. While recognizing the impossibility of ignoring absolutely present race relations in the South, agencies for social welfare can be so organized that colored and white executives and workers can work in the same agency upon a basis of mutual respect. They should occupy coördinate positions, each concerned primarily with the welfare of his group, but the work of each of equal importance. If a skilled case worker is required to unravel and weave anew into a nobler pattern the tangled skeins of a family difficulty, then an equally skilled worker is required for a colored family, and not a well-meaning cook or chauffeur desirous of extra money. National organizations cannot afford to ignore these considerations. The hope that broad-visioned social workers entertain for social work as the force that will remold Southern institutions and customs so that the Negro will occupy a place in Society affording his personality maximum development, depends in a large measure upon the manner in which national welfare organizations establish themselves in the South.

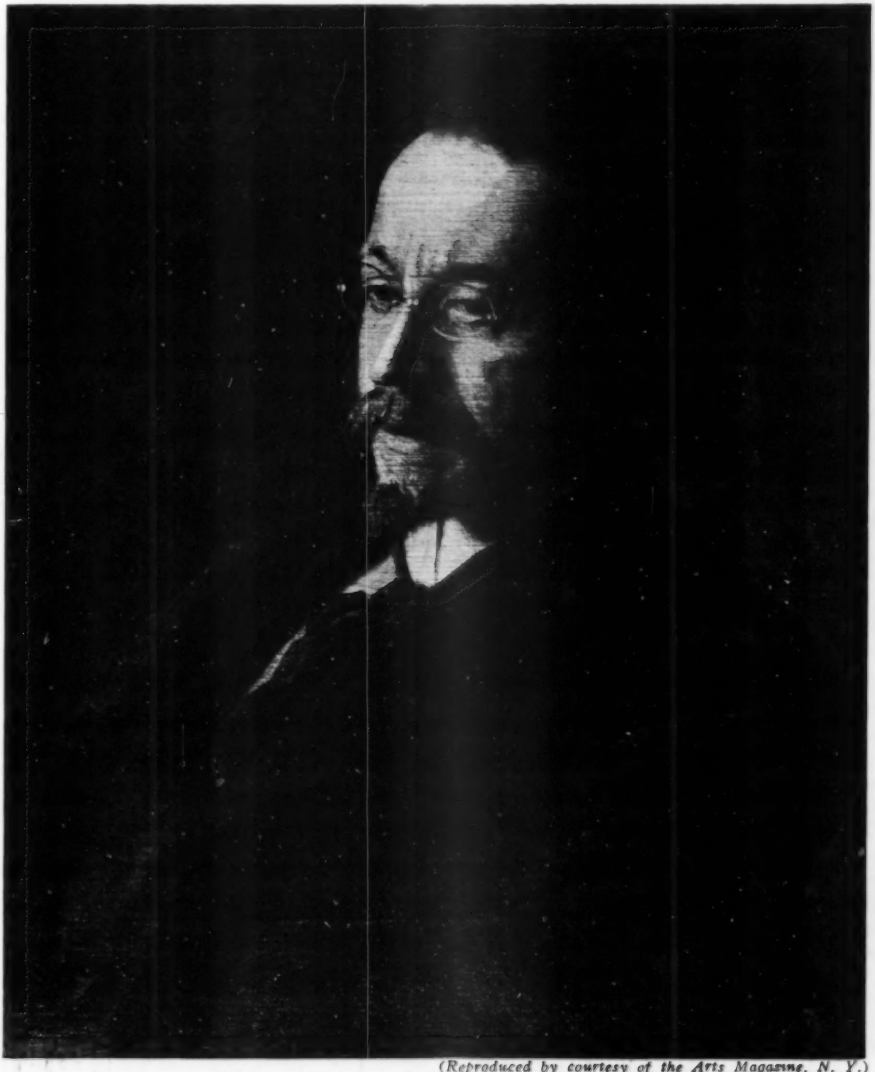
FIRE-CAUGHT

LANGSTON HUGHES

THE gold moth did not love him
So, gorgeous, she flew away.
But the gray moth circled the flame
Until the break of day.
And then, with wings like a dead desire,
She fell, fire-caught, into the fire.

HENRY OSSAWA TANNER

JESSIE FAUSET



(Reproduced by courtesy of the Arts Magazine, N. Y.)

PORTRAIT OF H. O. TANNER BY THOMAS EAKINS

THE presence of the great Artist brought to my mind immediately certain felicitous phrases. He is tall and slender with grizzled hair and beard and he is rather given to wearing grey. Wherefore I thought of "the good grey poet" for the connection was obvious to triteness. But later as I sat there listening to his gentle, courteous voice and noting his fine unaffected gestures, something within me kept saying: "The bravest are the tenderest". I was unable to "get" that at first and then it came to me that a question of superlatives was involved and that what my sub-conscious was

really driving at was some such expression as "The greatest are the simplest".

For Henry Ossawa Tanner is of all the great men who have achieved, undoubtedly the least affected and the least conscious of personal glory. I liked that lack of affectation and understood it. It has always seemed to me to be of the essence of the greatness which is so real that it seeks no extra trappings, no blare of trumpets. It is content to be.

Mr. Tanner did not see his life biographic-wise so I had to prompt with questions—an easy thing for me to do for I am ever eager to know what makes the clock go. He had always wanted to paint, he said, frowning a little with the effort perhaps to remember if anything else ever had meant a great deal to him. And so in the 'eighties after his father had moved from Pittsburgh, Pa., where the artist was born, he found himself in the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia studying under Thomas Eakins with whom he stayed for four or five years. Here he studied drawing, modelling and painting. I was surprised to learn of the modelling but the making of portrait busts he assured me, has long since been with him a favorite method of artistic expression. In those early days he had done a bust of Bishop Daniel Payne and this field of art still intrigues and engrosses him.

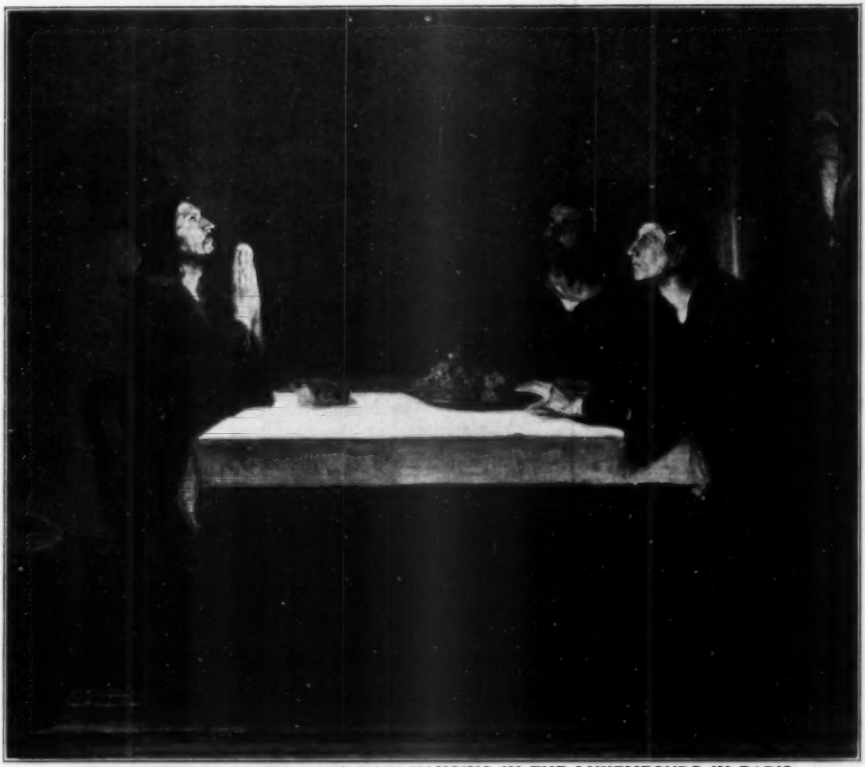
Painting was naturally his forte. He is known internationally now as a painter of religious subjects. But he used to paint landscapes and many marine sketches and of these he had an exhibit at the Academy of Fine Arts even before 1892. The significance of that "even" will be apparent later. He told me drolly that in those years it was difficult to dispose of a picture and that about this time he had sold one to a dealer for fifteen dollars. Two and a half years later the dealer sold the picture to one of his patrons for two hundred and fifty dollars! Instead of lamenting his luck the young artist took this as indicative of his real worth. Five or six years ago Mr. Tanner met the fortunate possessor of that fifteen dollar picture. The man not only had never bought another "Tanner", but he considered that particular one the best of the Artist's works!

It is pleasant to know that a picture painted in Atlantic City—"A Windy Day on the Meadows"—now in the Academy of Fine Arts brought him not long after this one hundred dollars. This startled the Artist's friends and gave him necessary encouragement.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men"—that tide came for Mr. Tanner in 1891. "I had saved a little money", he told me, "and I sailed for Europe the end of December and arrived there in January, 1892." He became a pupil of two masters, Benjamin Constant and Jean-Paul Laurens, who conducted a studio together. This gave the student the advantage of a contrast in temperamanent and technic, in mood and method, from which he doubtless evolved a third, an individual mode, for himself. M. Constant remained a faithful and devoted friend of Mr. Tanner and indeed played the part of the Mentor of his studio for many years. His was one of the most important and distinguished figures in the Paris artist world, yet, many a morning, Mr. Tanner, gratefully reminiscent, assured me, the great master left his *atelier* to visit with his former pupil.

Paris, toward which the artist had set his face instinctively in 1891, was destined, it turned out, to be his real home. From that time on although for a period of years he made frequent pilgrimages back to the United States, he never was long from his chosen city. And Paris repaid his fealty. He had by now been exhibiting at the *Salon* and in 1897 he received the gold medal for his picture, "The Raising of Lazarus" which was subsequently bought by the French Government. This gave him the final lacking fillip of self-confidence. He began turning out with a surer hand and a truer eye those masterpieces which brought him last year the ultimate distinction of being made by France a member of the Legion of Honor.

In 1898 the "Annunciation" which now hangs in Memorial Hall in Fairmout Park in Philadelphia was added to the Wilstack Collection. Two years later "Nicodemus Coming to Christ" was purchased by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and hung there. And Mr. Tanner was awarded the Lippincott Prize. The dawn of a new century was at hand—it seemed to the young artist to presage the dawn of a new era. He married that year in London, Miss Jessie Macaulay, and the couple started their life in Paris. Today their son Jesse



"THE DISCIPLES AT EMMAUS" NOW HANGING IN THE LUXEMBOURG IN PARIS

Ossawa Tanner is a student in Cambridge University in England.

Recognition of Mr. Tanner's work was now definite and widely spread. He is not a rapid worker; three pictures a year mark his top speed, but when was genius ever prodigal? Because his work has been leisured, its disposition has been certain. His paintings have found homes in this country in the collection of Andrew Carnegie, in the museums of Pittsburgh and in the Art Institute of Chicago. For one of these last the "Two Disciples at the Tomb", Mr. Tanner received the Harris Prize. In 1907 the French Government honored him again and bought his "Disciples at Emmaus" for the Luxembourg.

With all his honors and his interest in his art Mr. Tanner had time to help in the Great War. He worked with the Red Cross in Paris and even as far toward the front as Neufchateau. From the time America entered the war up to the time of the Armistice he was in charge of convalescent camps.

His life holds but three great interests; his wife, his boy and his Art. He and his family live simply in Paris where he has the same studio which was his twenty-five years ago. Their summers are spent at Etaples or rather a brief space away from that "dirty but picturesque town", in a house which the artist has had put up in the forest. It was here that he received word of his greatest honor that of election to the Legion of Honor. Avidly, my eyes fixed on the bit of ribbon in his buttonhole, I asked for details of this.

He was not sure; he could not quite remember! As he recalled it some French friends had strolled over to the house in the forest to tell Mrs. Tanner that they had seen a notice in the *Journal Officiel* to the effect that one "Ash O. Tannaire" (H. O. Tanner) had been awarded the Legion of Honor for his work in art. "It said, 'artiste américain'; we thought it must be your husband." A belated letter in the post-office at Etaples revealed the fact that it was indeed her husband. Vainly I asked how

the letter read. But this he could not recall!

On this visit he has spent about twelve weeks in America. Most of his time has been passed in conducting a successful exhibit of his paintings in the Grand Central Palace in New York. America amazes and confuses him. There is too much noise; too much bustle; too much driving to save time and too little sensible expenditure of the time which has been saved. American colored people—his own people—interest and astound him—"they have made great progress and they are becoming a very attractive-looking folk". But "not for all his faith could see" would he exchange Paris, whither he returns March 22, for New York.

He has a nice chuckling sense of humor, this good, grey, courteous, kindly genius. His father was the eminent Bishop Benjamin Tucker Tanner who died recently, an octogenarian. A man came to the Artist not long ago and said: "I want you to tell me the truth of this story. I understand that years ago your father wanted you to be a minister, but that you replied: 'No, father, you preach from the pulpit and I will preach with my brush.' Now is that true?"

"My answer," said the Artist, "was: 'That's a pretty story—I won't destroy it.'"

It is my business to be curious and when I add my prerogative to my natural endowment! "But did your father want you to be a minister and did you answer him in that way?" I asked him. So he told me the facts of the case.

For the first time in my life I resemble a great artist. I won't destroy a pretty story.

CHILD OF THE NIGHT

WALTER EVERETT HAWKINS

CHILD of the Night am I—
Night's sable son;
When the elf-children came,
Lo! I was one.

Darkness was over me when I was born,
I court the night-spirits and scoff at the morn,
Rainbows of midnight my features adorn.
At the great forge of Time,
Making men's souls sublime,
I stood arrayed in Night
Ere light was born.

Poised on the wings of Night,
Upward I glide,
Flouting the flings of light,
Proudly I ride.

I rest on the pillows of thunderous clouds,
Arrayed in the billows of wondrous shrouds,
I whip up the lightnings and mock the pale crowds.

At the great forge of Time,
Making men's souls sublime,
I stood arrayed in Night
Ere light was born.

Blessing the sable sons,
Lifting their shroud,
Pressing less able ones,
Purging the proud.

I daub them with ebony, smother their pride,
I swab them with smoke and their vanity chide.
Is the soul of a man in the hue of his hide?

At the great forge of Time
Making men's souls sublime,
I stood arrayed in Night
Ere light was born.

Child of the dusky veil,
Kissed by the Sun,
Girded in trusty mail,
Truth bids me on.

Cloud me in battle smoke, night-shrouds attend me,
The beginning was blackness and so will the end be;
Black God and black angels, surround and defend me!

At the great forge of Time,
Making men's souls sublime,
I stood arrayed in Night
Ere light was born.

WHAT IS AND WHAT ISN'T

CLAUDE McKAY

THE Paris edition of the *New York Herald*, like its American parent, takes a malicious joy in poking fun and dropping derogatory asides about Negroes in general. What isn't criminal must be funny. The vote of the American Negro is not an organized political weapon that might be used to menace the heads of unprincipled politicians, and so it should not be expected that the Munsey Press, which, in its best efforts, can estimate people only in terms of popular politics, might consider it worth-while to take the Negro seriously—or treat him decently.

When the French public woke up one day to read that their American guests were eager to give them lessons in the American way of handling colored people and protested through their Press against any American "School of Prejudice" established in France, the *Herald* was the very foremost defender of the American institution.

It is an English-American axiom that the French are a very parsimonious people and so, perhaps, the *Herald* had this sentiment in thought when it hinted gently to the French public, that American dollars were pouring out as freely as wine in Paris and, if the Administration insisted that the merry spenders from the "School of Prejudice" should mingle with Negroes in the bright cafés, it might spell very, very bad business. Bad for the Trade was the *Herald's* sad complaint—even though the deeply-pigmented intruders might be of royal African blood.

The title-hungry citizens of a barren Democracy would hunt down and pay the cost of shining in the glitter of European nobility, Asiatic nobility of a sort, even African nobility, if it were the exotic Egyptian—but at the primitive African article they shied, "Good God, no, not that, it's too much like the American trade-mark". Like Legree, the students of the "School of Prejudice" live in constant terror of ghosts.

Perhaps it is not very dignified for thoughtful persons to get messed up in dancing halls and night cafés. It might put them out of sympathy with respectability. And it may be a little worse if such persons belong to royalty or nobility. Respectability dismisses them as café habitués, careless of Dignity. And if they should happen to be princes of out of "Darkest Africa", modernized to the ways of European cities, why, Respectability just lifts her eyebrows with a "What else could be expected? Black swine will always trample upon pearls." . . .

It was an evening of utter ennui when a Russian acquaintance came along in boisterous spirits and suggested our going to a certain café. There was the usual drinking and music—the universal mechanical strumming of the piano at the dancers. I looked round the room and noticed at a table seating six or eight persons a handsome-featured, very black man in evening clothes. Our eyes met and he immediately crossed over to my table and excused himself in French. But sensing I did not understand he spoke in quaint English. He thought he had heard about me, he was a friend of Roland Hayes, would I call to see him sometime, if I didn't mind? He was so interested in America and he knew I was American by my clothes. He gave me his card which I stuck away in my pocket-book without looking at it, although I did not quite get the name when he introduced himself. But my acquaintance was in a curious, irritably-merry mood, was showing impatience and I wanted to avoid embarrassment.

A couple of days after, I came across the card and read:

Prince Kogo Tovalou Honénou,
Dahomey.

The name was familiar. I tried to recall it and remembered that I had read it in the *New York Herald* (Paris Edition)—the report of the Dahomey princes turned out of a Montmartre café because American visitors had made an issue of the presence of Negroes. Just the person I wanted to see. And so I called upon him the next day.

Prince Kogo stands about six feet, well-formed, straight as a birch, long, black fingers like a musician's and fine lacquer-black complexion. He lives in a broad boulevard, in a well-appointed apartment, simply, artistically furnished. His rather smallish bedroom holds half-a-dozen gold-

worked figures—the finest specimens of African Art, excepting Egyptian, I have ever seen: a tall lizard-eyed woman bearing a basket on her head, a native chieftain with arms outstretched making a perfect slant of a line, native boys picking palm nuts and a hideous mask dexterously fashioned. All these objects were set around the room in fine proportion contrasting harmoniously with the yellow quilt thrown over the couch set in the centre of the room; and, hanging on a peg, his colorful native robes.

His little study groans with books: the French Classics, Pascal, Montaigne, Racine, Molière, Voltaire; the moderns, Balzac, Renan, Victor Hugo, Dumas, Baudelaire, Verlaine, Huysmans, great German writers and English books among which I took special note of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and James Weldon Johnson's "American Negro Poetry". Kogo, as his friends call him, is conversant with several languages. His mastery of French is perfect and his knowledge and pronunciation of English are remarkable. He has published a treatise on languages illustrating the root similarities between the classical, oriental (including the African) and modern European languages.

Kogo is very far apart from the tribe of conservative French Negroes led by Diagne, the senator from Senegal. He is a friend of the West Indian deputy Candace—who belongs to the Socialist Republican bloc—and of the author of "Batouala". But he leans toward the artistic and finds congenial companionship among the Bohemian artists, actors and writers of the French metropolis.

It was but natural that we should talk first about his adventure in Montmartre. "I couldn't understand what it really meant," he said, "even now I cannot see it as you perhaps do, cannot feel deep anger and hatred toward those Americans. It seemed such a childish prank."

I laughed and answered: "Childish is an apt descriptive word, but children run loose are regular devils, murderous; I much prefer bad grown-ups."

"But it was so odd," he insisted with a charming smile. "I had all my modern education here in Paris. Have been in all circles and never met that sort of thing before. Fancy, just a common night café where people go to drink and dance. It is very funny in contrast to the places I have been to."

And so, Kogo has a difficult time visualizing the American scene. He thinks that for Negroes it must be something of a "Chamber of Horror" and yet he is always meeting American Negroes who are finely set up, cultured and pleasant. How can such a country produce such splendid types?

"But even though I do not seize the proper perspective, cannot probe the details, I understand and appreciate fully what the American Negro intellectuals are doing. We are doing work of the same nature in Dahomey, although our problems are different."

I was not a little taken aback. I never thought the Prince was also a propagandist. It would never have happened, of course, if the hand of French Imperialism had not disturbed his native land. It would never have happened had he been born an English prince, but the wheel of time has placed him in that position and he is not a shirker of responsibility.

Dahomey was the last of the native African states to be conquered by France and it does not possess such political privileges as Senegal, for example. Kogo gave me illuminating information. Although the Colonial Administration in France is resolutely against all acts of discrimination and such bare-faced stealing of native lands as the British Government connived at in the African Colonies and as now obtain in British East Africa, there are many flagrant acts of injustice perpetrated by the French Colonials. According to native law and practice, that are respected by the French Administration, native land cannot be sold, but the Colonials find ways of "acquiring" some of it. And there are rules and regulations aimed against the native, which Prince Kogo considers very contrary to the spirit of Republican France. He is a student of law and not of economics and does not know aught of the law of the latter operating differently in different countries.

But he is doing his princely best with the weapons that he understands. He is President of the *Amitié Franco-Dahoméenne*, the "association for the modern development of the Dahoméens" which bulks largely in *L'Action Coloniale*, a fortnightly organ published "in defense of the interests of the Colonies and Protectorates of France".

"Our chief aim," he explained, "is to give wide publicity in France to every act of ag-

gression or lawless exploitation that the French Colonials may commit against the natives. By doing this we will keep a constant check on the Colonial administrations and thus we hope to prevent the worst abuses in the French colonies that are the common features of European rule in Africa. Abuses are easily created and creep upon a people unawares if they are not watchful. Our business is to watch and prevent."

I asked Kogo if he had heard of the American Back-to-Africa movement. He had and was very appreciative of its propaganda value, but his group thought the scheme a very impractical one. American Negroes might return to Africa as individuals, he thought, but it would be a great mistake to dump down a large body of American Negroes upon African territory among the natives. American Negroes are Americans and African Negroes are Africans, each territory possessing and guarding its own laws and customs. If American Negroes emigrated in large groups to Africa, their contact with the Natives would result in precisely the same friction and difficulties European immigrants have to contend with.

"I know from experience. Here are my native clothes," he said, pointing to the robes. "Whenever I go to Dahomey, I must wear them, and I must speak the native tongue. If I didn't my people would disown me."

The aim of the *Amitié Franco-Dahoméenne* association is a noble one. There can be no doubt that many of the ugliest features of the Colonial System in Africa could not have existed if a permanent and determined group composed of white and black, had undertaken to give wide publicity to criminal wrongs and thereby curb the unrestrained power of the colonial exploiters.

As I rose to take leave of Kogo I noticed on the mantel piece the photograph of a marvellously beautiful white girl of aristocratic type. Opposite her was the photograph of Kogo's uncle Benhanzi, the deposed King of Dahomey in striped flowing robes with a long ivory pipe in his mouth. And I could swear he was glowering a little at the distinguished-looking white girl. To my questioning eyes Kogo replied:

"Only a friend, a very dear friend."

II.

AGAIN it was the *Herald* that served the bait for the finish of this screed. It was not long after my talk with Kogo that I ran into a little group of American writers and artists, all Bohemians, chuckling over a copy of that newspaper. I glanced at the paragraph that provided such pleasurable excitement and read: *Negro preacher returning to U. S. A. He came to Paris to convert the Negroes in Montmartre, and start a church, but the darkies say they don't want to be converted.*

I was tickled, too, and soon the paragraph became the pivot of conversation. A colored person can get remarkable information from white acquaintances if he can set his mind on the fence, so to say, and listen with a disarming smile. There were hints of dark doings among the dark denizens of Montmartre, the opinion prevailed that Negroes in Paris were in general demand for immoral business; of course, to the average English and American mind immorality applies to contact between the sexes only. There were certain cafés where things went humming, among them a celebrated one staffed by Negroes and named the "Grand Duke".

Although not having the slightest feeling of a hound scenting out transgressions of the social code, I felt a keen desire to visit the "Grand Duke". After all it was only a late night resort. It might be interesting, but my interest in it was not that it was Negro. Why should all the white vomit of America soil a Negro, turning his stomach, abroad? What keepers of public places can prevent prostitutes and touts of all classes from entering? For the whites Anglo-Saxon opinion accepts this fact, but for the blacks —it is a racial aberration.

However, some days before getting round to the "Grand Duke" I was chatting with an English painter who knows everything and everybody—high, low and unclassed—worth knowing in Paris.

"Oh!" she laughed, "The 'Graun' Duc', I've been there often. It isn't really open until about two in the morning. A tiny, little place, with the musicians set on a platform like a high stool above. Buddie Gilmore goes there to play when he's finished at one of those fashionable places. It is a very funny place, but very nice, a resort for theatrical people who go there for champagne breakfast after work."

"I'll tell you a little story about Buddie, but you mustn't tell it. I heard the other day that another musician was a little jealous of his exhibition and tried a practical joke on him. He loosened up his drum and when Buddie got there and began to play, it was an awful sound. And he went downstairs and cried. He must be a charming person not to pick up a row, don't you think?"

And so one morning about three o'clock a very small party of us trekked up to the Grand Duke for breakfast. The restaurant was packed with a score of people and the head waiter had to make room for us. An hour later Buddie strolled carelessly in, mounted the stool-like platform and gave an exhibition. There were a half dozen brown and black men, some sitting at a table, others standing at the bar—all performers that had just finished playing in different cafés. The proprietor, Gene Bullard, was a pilot in the French Air Force and has two citations. He threaded his way unobtrusively round the tables to see that all his guests were well cared for. And on getting to our table he seized the occasion to whisper to me: "I am a 'race man'; are you?" I told the others what he said and we all laughed.

I had had information that a number of the colored coquettes of Paris made the "Grand Duke" their rendezvous and I was itching to see them as I have not seen a collection of pretty Negro girls since I left New York. But I was rarely disappointed. Of course, there was Florence, the singer of sentimental rag-time, very pretty in a shimmering dress, the exact color of her soft-brown skin; but she was the only colored girl present. And after singing a suite of recent "rags" curiously punctuated with moaning minors and quavers, she came over and chatted with us. There was an American actress in our party and so she found herself on happy ground.

"I wish my husband were here to play the piano," she said, "I could sing better for you, for he understands my voice."

But after a while she turned to me and was led on to talk about race problems.

"While we are carrying on here, we do not forget home, we are doing our little share," she said. "I'll show you!"

And she went into a little room and came back with an armful of copies of THE CRISIS, *The Messenger* and Afro-American newspapers. I eagerly grabbed them for I had not seen any for sixteen months.

But a most extraordinary feature of the "Grand Duke" was that we never saw a single prostitute during the whole morning of our visit there. Extraordinary, because the presence of prostitutes is an outstanding feature of the Paris cafés. Of course, the prostitutes of Paris are of a class different from that of the hunted and harassed prowlers of London and New York. In the art centres of the city they are the friends of painters, poets, writers, actors and the well-to-do Americans and English that are having a fling at Bohemian life in Paris. And so it would have been an ordinary commonplace if some were found at the "Grand Duke". There not being any there was extraordinary—inexplicable.

I must make acknowledgement to the *New York Herald* and its *petit* pet in Paris for gratuitously furnishing me with the material for this writing. Concerning Negroes there is, in the contemporary literature of the most favored race, a fertile unploughed field lying between Fact and Romance that colored writers might advantageously exploit to turn the current of modern journalism.

TRUE WEALTH

CHARLES BERTRAM JOHNSON

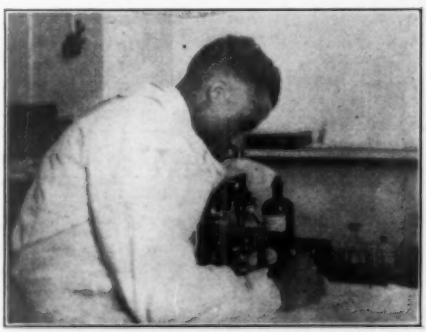
WHAT though no castles grand
In somber grandeur stand
Entitled in my name;
What though uncrowned by fame
I sing in humble state;
I don't bemoan my fate:
The April-haunted lea
Is wealth enough for me.

The Horizon

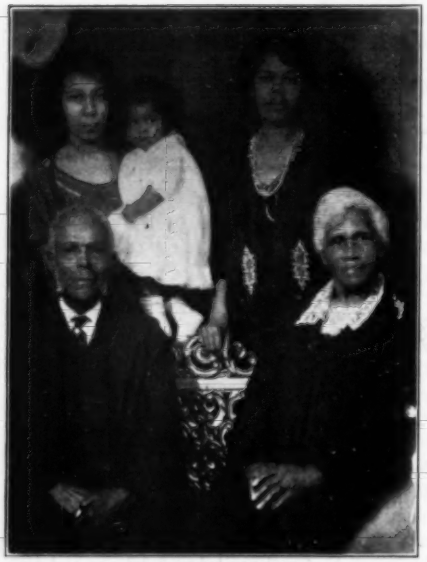
DR. THEODORE KENNETH LAWLESS

¶ The intensiveness of the training of Dr. Theodore Kenneth Lawless sets a new goal for professional men, whether white or black. Dr. Lawless, a native of Thibodeaux, La., completed his preparatory work at Straight University, New Orleans and then matriculated at Talladega College whence he received the degree of A.B. Thence he studied in the Medical and Post Graduate Schools of the University of Kansas, leaving this institution after two years to enter Northwestern Medical School. Here he received the degree of M.D. and because of his remarkable ability in the field of Dermatology he was given charge of the clinical laboratories and made Assistant in the Department of Dermatology and Syphilology. In 1920 he received the degree of Master of Science and also because of his important research work one of the Rosenwald Scholarships worth $1200. With this Dr. Lawless continued his studies at the Vanderbilt Clinic, Columbia University, N. Y., and at the Massachusetts General Hospital, Harvard University. His zeal carried him then to *l'Hôpital Saint-Louis*, of the *Université de Paris*, where he studied with renowned experts in Syphilology and Dermatology. Later he went to the University of Freiburg, Germany, worked in the *Pathologischer Institut* and became a member of the *Deutsche Pathologische Gesellschaft*. A contribution based on his work in this centre will appear shortly in *Die Dermatologische Zeitschrift*, a German medical journal. From Freiburg he went to the hospitals of Vienna where he paid special attention to the cure of cancer by radium. His studies in the clinics of Switzerland and of many French cities have also added to his technic. After a stay of more than two years in Europe Dr. Lawless has returned to Chicago where he has opened a clinic and where he is holding classes at Northwestern. His parents are the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Lawless of Atlanta, Ga., his father being District Superintendent of the American Missionary Society of New York. A brother, Oscar Lawless is a professor at Talladega College in Alabama.

¶ Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Otey of Orange, New Jersey, have celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary at St. Paul's A. M. E.



DR. LAWLESS IN HIS LABORATORY



THE OTEY FAMILY

Church. The pair were presented with $269.00 of which $50.00 was given them in a gold, beaded bag. The presentation was made by Mrs. Montrey Fuqua. Mr. and Mrs. Otey are the parents of seven children, the grandparents of fourteen children and the great grandparents of one child. About two hundred guests were present at the anniversary.

¶ Robert Shaw Wilkinson, Jr., a senior at Dartmouth College has just been elected to membership in the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity. Mr. Wilkinson is the eldest son of President Wilkinson, State A. and M. College, Orangeburg, S. C. He has specialized in scientific subjects in which he excelled with the general average of 96.25%.

¶ Despite the recent Senate rejection of the nomination of Walter L. Cohen, Negro Republican leader of Louisiana, he will be continued in office by President Coolidge as Comptroller of customs at New Orleans.

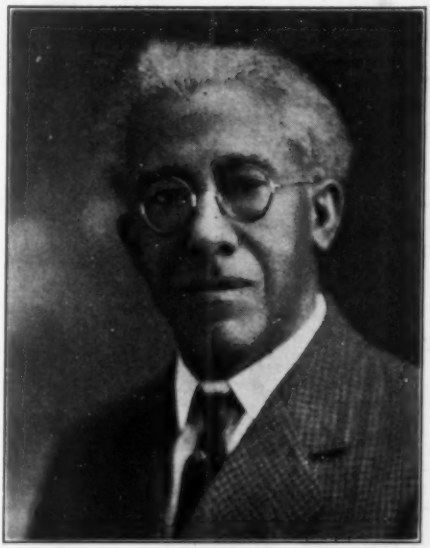
¶ On the 3rd and 4th of April the Spring Conference of the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History will take place in Philadelphia. The conference will direct its attention to the Negro in Africa, the Latin American of color, the migration in its historical setting, racial crossings of interbreeding, labor before the Civil War, labor during the Reconstruction, the free Negro prior to emancipation, folk-lore, and the development of the church.

¶ Announcement has been made by E. T. Attwell, Director of the recreational work among colored people that the nationally known agency of Community Service, maintained by the Playground and Recreation Association of America, is to hold a Training School for colored workers who are rendering service locally in connection with community programs, playgrounds and community centers for colored people. This Training School will be held July 7th through to July 26th. The course includes not only training for leadership in social recreation, play and games, community music, dramatics and pageantry, but also instruction in organization, administration and financing of community recreational programs, playground and community centers.

¶ For 50 years, John Hickman has been in

DELEGATES TO THE "SANHEDRIN," THE ALL NEGRO

the employ of Auerbach, Finch and Scheffer of St. Paul, Minnesota. He entered as door boy and time keeper. In these years he has filled all the minor office positions and now is recognized by the city as well as the company as their most competent auditor. Mr. Hickman has two sons, both of whom occupy clerical positions in the St. Paul Post Office and a third son, the Rev. T. Lloyd Hickman.



J. H. HICKMAN

¶ The late Dr. James H. N. Waring divided his life time between education and the practice of medicine. He was born in Niles, Michigan, in 1861 and after being trained in the public schools of his native state and of Ohio he was graduated from the preparatory department of Howard University in 1877 and 11 years later was graduated from the Howard Medical School. Long before he studied medicine, however, he had taken up teaching in St. Louis, Mo., and in 1879 in Washington, D. C., where he held principal and supervising principal ships until 1902 when he accepted the principalship of the Baltimore High School. Here he was principal also of the Teacher's Training School and group principal of the graded schools. In 1908 he resigned from school work to resume the practice of medicine in Washington, D. C. During this time he organized a free clinic, devoted himself to social work and was superintendent for six years of Camp Pleasant, a summer camp maintained by the Associated Charities. In 1916 he returned to education accepting the principalship of the Howard Orphan and Industrial School at King's Park, Long Island. When the World War broke out he became Educational Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Camp Devens, Massachusetts and at the close of the war he resumed his medical practice in Hopkinton, Massachusetts. But the New England climate was against him so he accepted the call to the principalship of the Industrial School at Downingtown, Pa., where his busy, active life came to a close. For twenty years he was trustee of Howard University.

DR. WARING

RENCE WHICH MET IN CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 11-16, 1924

Patton Service

MRS. HUNTON AT LINCOLN'S TOMB

He is survived by his widow, four children and nine grand-children.

¶ On Lincoln's Birthday, Mrs. Addie Hunton-Floyd placed a wreath for the N. A. A. C. P. on the tomb of Lincoln at Springfield, Illinois, after speaking for the Woman's Relief Corp of Springfield (white), at the memorial held at his tomb. Covering Lincoln's tomb were wreaths from Lloyd George, Pershing, Paderewski and other notables.

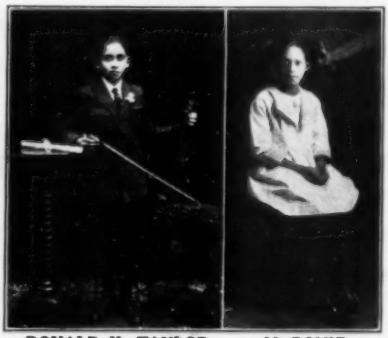
¶ Donald Knight Taylor of Brooklyn, New York, has entered Erasmus Hall High School at the age of 11. The youngest child in his class of 51 he had already skipped 4 grades and led his class in his general average. He holds a large number of commendation cards for general excellency in his work.

¶ Among those initiated into the Rush Chapter of the Alpha Omega Alpha Fraternity on January 29th at the Quadrangle Club, University of Chicago, was Numa P. G. Adams, who had just completed the four year course of Rush Medical College. This fraternity is a national, honorary, medical fraternity, the membership of which is determined on the basis of scholarship. Formerly, Dr. Adams was Associate Professor of Chemistry at Howard University from which school he holds the degree A.B. He has also a degree of Master of Arts in Chemistry from Columbia University. At present he is serving an interneship in the St. Louis City Hospital.

¶ Little Margaret Bouie, a student in the 8th grade of the Eastern Junior High School, wrote the best essay on the subject of "Our Flag" in the contest instituted by the Bay City Lodge of Elks No. 8, Michigan. Her essay begins:

"Copied from the infinite blue skies, spangled by the silvery stars, a type of God's eternal glory. Visible to all the world, representative of this glorious land of ours, behold. "Our Flag"—words cannot express, nor can the wildest imagination do credit to its honor."

DR. N. P. G. ADAMS



DONALD K. TAYLOR M. BOUIE

SOL BUTLER *Keystone*

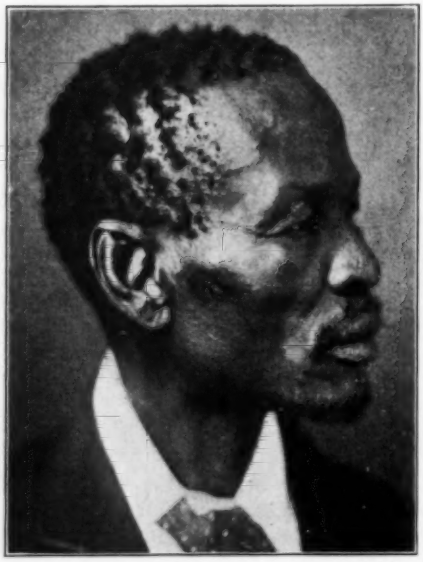
¶ One of the athletes representing the United States at the Olympic Broad Jump Classics, will be Sol Butler, the famous athlete of Dubuque University. Another unbeatable broad jumper who will also represent this country is Ned Gourdin, former Harvard athlete who holds the world's record for the running broad jump, 25 ft. 3 inches, made at the Oxford-Cambridge-Yale-

NED GOURDIN *Keystone*

DE HART HUBBARD *Keystone*

Harvard meet three years ago. De Hart Hubbard of the University of Michigan who also holds the title of National Running Broad Jump Champion will accompany But-

ler and Gourdin at the Olympics. Hubbard has not only equalled Gourdin's record but he is also the holder of the hop-skip-and-jump title.



KING KHAMA

¶ Khama, King of the Bamangwatos in Bechuanaland is dead at the age of 98. When the Cape-to-Cairo Railroad was surveyed, the line ran through Khama's territory. Because he felt that the completion of this railroad would bring spirituous liquors to his people, King Krama went directly to Queen Victoria to appeal against this and at his request, the survey line was changed. Many years ago, King Khama noticed that the people in his capital Shosong were dying off too quickly. Their peril was due to an infected water supply. As a result, he built a new city 40 miles away and moved his population of 40,000 there, after which he, himself, lit a torch and applied it to the thatched roofs of Shosong and watched his capital burn to the ground.

¶ The Foreign Relations Committee, Mrs. Hunton-Floyd, chairman, of the National Association of Colored Women's Clubs is securing literature about the Negro and by Negroes to send to European students. This undertaking is in response to a request from Mr. Corby of New York City College who was a member of a college commission to Europe last summer, and Mr. Nelson, formerly of Howard University and later a student in a European university.

Send a book, pamphlet, magazine or contribution to the Foreign Relations Committee of the National Association of Colored Women's Clubs, 69 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

¶ Paul Robeson who has played both on the American and English stage, has the leading rôle in Eugene O'Neill's "All God's

© Underwood & Underwood

PAUL ROBESON

Chillun Got Wings", a play which is to be produced by the Provincetown players some time in April. The cast is mixed. Mary Blair, now playing in "Fashion" is cast opposite Mr. Robeson.

¶ The International Committee of Young Mens' Christian Associations will hold its two annual Summer Conferences for Students of Negro Colleges as follows: Waveland, Mississippi (formerly Gibsland, La.), fifty miles northeast of New Orleans, April 29-May 5th; Kings Mountain, N. C., May 30-June 9. The State Y. M. C. A. Committee of Oklahoma and Texas will hold their Older Boys Conference this year at Okmulgee, April 4-6. The first Colored Older Boys' Conference for S. C. was recently held in Columbia. Over a hundred boys attended.

National · Association · for · the ··· Advancement · of · Colored · People.

TWENTY-FOURTH INFANTRY

FOLLOWING the presentation to President Coolidge on February 7th at Washington of the petition signed by 124,454 persons asking for pardon of the Fifty-four ex-members of the Twenty-fourth Infantry confined in Leavenworth Prison for their alleged participation in the Houston, Texas, Riots of 1917, the N. A. A. C. P. has been following up with unremitting efforts the nationwide agitation for pardon. It will be remembered that the full account of the presentation was given in the March issue of THE CRISIS.

On February 12th, John W. Weeks, Secretary of War, wrote the N. A. A. C. P. as follows:

The petition presented by you to the President in behalf of the so-called Houston Rioters has been referred to the War Department for consideration.

A few days ago I appointed a board of officers, consisting of one officer of The Adjutant General's Department and one officer of The Judge Advocate General's Department, to visit the United States penitentiaries at Atlanta, Georgia, and Leavenworth, Kansas, and the disciplinary barracks at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and Fort Jay, New York, for the purpose of considering the cases of all military prisoners confined in the penitentiaries, and of all prisoners now in confinement in the disciplinary barracks mentioned above serving sentences of confinement of five years or more.

The board of officers mentioned above is made up of the two officers of the War Department who handle matters pertaining to prisoners, and special attention will be given by the board to those cases in which sentences appear to be in excess of those adjudged by civil courts for like offenses. When this board shall have concluded its work, a similar board will be appointed for a like investigation at the United States Penitentiary, McNeil Island, Washington, and the United States Disciplinary Barracks, Alcatraz, Calif.

The investigation by the above board will include the sentences of the prisoners in whose behalf your petition is submitted.

According to press dispatches and letters received from members of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, each one of the fifty-four men was called before the Investigation Board, and a report is expected as to action taken within a short time.

Warden William I. Biddle of Leavenworth Penitentiary also wrote the N. A. A. C. P.

Your letter of February 11th telling about the call of a delegation on President Coolidge in the interest of the former Twenty-fourth Infantry, military prisoners confined in this penitentiary, was received yesterday. I am glad to know of the interest of the President in their cases. I received information today that a Board of Army Officers has been appointed to come here to investigate the cases of military prisoners relative to clemency. It is understood that this Board will take up the cases of the Twenty-fourth Infantry soldiers, who are military prisoners. You may rest assured that if I am called on to do so I will make a recommendation as strong as the facts and conditions will justify in the cases of the Twenty-fourth Infantry and other military prisoners.

On the other hand, there is considerable agitation in Texas against pardon. According to information received at the National Office, each tax payer of Houston is being asked to sign a petition urging President Coolidge and the War Department to refuse clemency of any sort. This news but spurred on the N. A. A. C. P. to greater efforts which it is hoped will result in full pardon of all the men at an early date.

PEABODY OFFER MEETS WITH HEARTY RESPONSE

WHEN Mr. Phillip G. Peabody of Boston made his annual contribution of $500 on January 10th towards the work of the N. A. A. C. P. and promised to give an additional thousand dollars if by March 10th gifts to the amount of $9,000 were made in cash, there were some who doubted whether those terms could be met within the required time. Such doubts, however, were soon dispelled by a most gratifying response to the appeal of the National Office from white and colored people alike. Most encouraging were the gifts from colored people in that they indicated that Negroes are realizing that things worth while cost and that the cost must be borne in large

measure by those who are the beneficiaries of the work the N. A. A. C. P. is doing. These contributions together with the hearty response from the white friends of the Association enabled it to meet Mr. Peabody's terms several days before the expiration of the time limit.

Cleveland established a mark during the campaign to which other cities may well aspire. Mr. Bagnall, Director of Branches, spent two days in that city, held one conference, addressed one mass meeting and talked individually with a number of citizens of Cleveland. As a result pledges totalling $2410 were made, of which $1750 was pledged for three years and Dr. O. A. Taylor, a prominent colored physician pledged $100 a year for ten years. Four men—Harry E. Davis, William R. Green, J. Walter Wills and George R. Hooper—pledged $100 for three years; fifteen persons pledged $50 a year for the same time while twenty others pledged themselves to give $25 a year for three years.

Under the leadership of William Pickens, field secretary of the N. A. A. C. P., a highly successful baby contest was staged in Dayton, Ohio, which netted the N. A. A. C. P. national office $667 toward the fund of $9000 to meet Mr. Peabody's offer.

The three prize winning babies of the contest, together with the amounts of money they brought in are:

First prize: Alice Yvonne Morris, 23 months old, $275.

Second prize: Robert William McClung, 8 months old, $190.

Third prize: Geo. Cobbs, Jr., 5 months old, $52.

Mr. Pickens writes of the event: "We had a program of babies, and of small children. The presiding officer over a meeting of over 1000 adults was a lad of 8 years, the one who introduced me was 4 years old and he made the best 'introduction of the speaker' that I have ever heard."

The success of the event, is ascribed by Mr. Pickens to the women of Dayton, among whom must especially be mentioned, Mrs. Ethlyn Logan, president of the contest, Mrs. Ella Wilson, secretary, and Mrs. Leona Taylor, the general manager of the affair. These three women led in making the event a tremendous success, and inspired the women of the city. They were aided by the local branch of the N. A. A. C. P.

Mr. Johnson raised over $700 in a few days in Boston, $500 being a contribution from Mr. Storey. Mr. White raised approximately $1000 in three Southern cities, Atlanta, Greensboro and Durham.

Each of these officers reports a new sense of responsibility for the work the N. A. A. C. P. is doing on the part of those who have hitherto approved and supported the Association's work only in spirit. It has taken fourteen years to build the efficiently functioning machine which can put over huge tasks like the agitation against lynching and for the enactment of the Dyer Bill, the successful defense of Arkansas peons, the campaign for the imprisoned members of the 24th Infantry and numerous other problems equally vital. Day after day requests for help in important cases must be refused by the N. A. A. C. P. because of lack of funds but if such campaigns as were inspired by Mr. Peabody's generous offer continue to meet with so great success, many of these cases will be handled.

In this connection mention must be made of the further generosity of Messrs. F. E. Miller and Aubrey Lyles. It will be remembered that these men when the musical comedy, "Shuffle Along" was having its

YVONNE MORRIS

great success on Broadway gave a benefit performance for the N. A. A. C. P., and later gave one in Chicago for the Chicago Branch and a benefit dance in Detroit. These loyal friends of the N. A. A. C. P. are now heading the company of "Runnin' Wild" which has been enjoying a great success on Broadway for many months. Messrs. Miller and Lyles together with the entire cast of "Runnin' Wild" have volunteered to give another benefit at the New Star Casino in New York City on April fourth. A splendid

MR. PICKENS AND THE THREE PRIZE-WINNERS
THE INTRODUCER THE PRESIDING OFFICER

group of women of which Mrs. F. E. Miller is chairman is arranging for the affair which will without doubt be a great success. All of the proceeds are to be given to the N. A. A. C. P. to aid it in carrying on its work. The scope of our activities is constantly increasing and the demands upon us call accordingly for a proportionately growing budget.

To all who have helped in meeting Mr Peabody's offer and to Mr. Peabody himself for his great generosity the National Office of the N. A. A. C. P. extends its sincere thanks.

RESIDENTIAL SEGREGATION AGAIN

WHEN by a unanimous decision of the United States Supreme Court, Mr. Moorfield Storey won in 1917 for the N. A. A. C. P. the famous Louisville Segregation Case, *Buchanan vs. Warley*, 245 *U. S.* 78, which declared that enforced residential segregation by city ordinance was illegal, it was believed that this question had been settled for all time. So far as that particular method of segregation is concerned that belief was true but during recent years there have appeared various attempts to evade prohibition of enforced segregative activi-

ties. The new method is the inclusion of an agreement in the title to property which forbids the purchaser from selling to a Negro. Obviously, if such agreements are allowed to go uncontested, any individual property owner can write his own segregation ordinance through the inclusion of such an agreement in the title.

Two clearcut cases recently arose in Washington upon which the legality of such agreements can be clearly tested. The first of these arose when Mrs. Helen Curtis entered into a contract in September, 1922 to purchase a certain piece of property from a Mrs. Irene Hand Corrigan. The contract of sale was recorded October 10, 1922 in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of the District of Columbia. On November 16th a bill was filed to enjoin Mrs. Corrigan from executing a deed and transferring the property to Mrs. Curtis and to enjoin Mrs. Curtis from accepting such deed and from moving into the property.

A motion to dismiss this bill was filed by attorneys for Mrs. Curtis and Mrs. Corrigan but it was overruled on April 27, 1923. From that decision an appeal was taken.

The second case arose when Dr. Emmett J. Scott, former secretary to the late Dr. Booker T. Washington, and now secretary-treasurer of Howard University purchased a piece of property in Washington. A suit was filed against Dr. Scott on April 11, 1923, the suit being based on the same covenant. The suit was heard on December 11, 12 and 13, 1923 before Mr. Justice Stafford of the District of Columbia Supreme Court. This case differed from that of Mrs. Curtis in that the deed had passed and Mr. Scott had moved into his property. An amendatory bill was filed, praying for a mandatory injunction and to have the deed cancelled and declared of no effect. No decision has been rendered in this case.

To return to Mrs. Curtis' case. After the adverse decision of the court in April, 1917, an appeal was taken in May of that year to the Court of Appeals. On January 18, 1924 a brief was filed attacking the former decision and the covenant on the ground that the latter was against public policy and in violation of the Constitution of the United States. As in the case of Dr. Scott, no decision has as yet been rendered on this appeal.

The leading attorney in these cases is James A. Cobb, Chairman of the Legal Committee of the District of Columbia Branch of the N.A.A.C.P. Associated with him are William H. Lewis of Boston, former Assistant United States Attorney-General, and James P. Schick. Arthur B. Spingarn and Herbert K. Stockton of New York, the former Chairman and the latter a member of the National Legal Committee of the N.A.A.C.P. and Emory B. Smith are associated with Messrs. Cobb, Lewis and Schick as advisory counsel. The District of Columbia Branch of the N.A.A.C.P. has raised a fund for prosecution of this case to which the National Office has contributed $200.

The far reaching effect of a decision in these cases is evident. The brief for Mrs. Curtis and Mrs. Corrigan recites:

Among the injuries to the public welfare that would result from upholding such a covenant as in the case at bar and the property segregation which it seeks to enforce may be enumerated as follows:

1. The degradation of American citizenship.
2. The ridicule of American democracy.
3. It would encourage contempt for law, especially for the amendments to the National Constitution.
4. It would retard the progress of a large group of American citizens.
5. It would deprive the public treasury of increased taxes.
6. It would stimulate racial antipathy.

15TH ANNUAL CONFERENCE

THE Fifteenth Annual Conference of the N. A. A. C. P. will be held June 25th to July 2nd at Philadelphia. Under the leadership of Isadore Martin, President of the Branch, the Philadelphia Branch is making elaborate preparations for a conference which will exceed in interest and attendance, they assert, even the conference last year in Kansas City. The National Office is arranging a program which will include some of the most eminent speakers in the United States.

Because of its contiguity to New York, Atlantic City, Washington and other great cities and particularly because of its own individual charm and historic interest, Philadelphia will be an ideal place for our annual conference. Begin now to arrange your plans to be at Philadelphia the last week in June.

LITTLE PORTRAITS OF AFRICA

W. E. B. Du Bois

THE PLACE, THE PEOPLE

AFRICA is vegetation. It is the riotous, unbridled bursting life of leaf and limb. It is sunshine—pitiless shine of blue rising from morning mists and sinking to hot night shadows. And then the stars—very near are the stars to Africa, near and bright and curiously arrayed. The tree is Africa. The strong, blinding strength of it—the wide deep shade, the burly lavish height of it. Animal life is there wild and abundant—perhaps in the inner jungle I should note it more but here the herb is triumphant, savagely sure—such beautiful shrubbery, such splendor of leaf and gorgeousness of flower I have never seen.

And the people! Last night I went to Kru-town and saw a Christmas masque. There were young women and men of the color of warm ripe horse chestnuts, clothed in white robes and turbaned. They played the Christ story with sincerity, naiveté and verve. Conceive "Silent Night" sung in Kru by this dark white procession with flaming candles; the little black mother of Christ crossing with her baby, in figured blue, with Joseph in Mandingan fez and multi-colored cloak and beside them on her worshipping knees the white wreathed figure of a solemn dark angel. The shepherds watched their flocks by night, the angels sang; and Simeon, raising the baby high in his black arms, sang with my heart in English Kru-wise, *"Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!"*

Liberia is gay in costume—the thrifty Krus who burst into color of a holiday; the proud Veys always well-gowned; the Liberian himself often in white. The children sometimes in their own beautiful skins.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 13, 1924

I HAVE walked three hours in the African bush. In the high bush mighty trees arose draped, with here and there the flash of flower and call of bird. The monkey sentinel cried and his fellows dashed down the great tree avenues. The way was marked—yonder the leopard that called last night under the moon, a bush cow's hoof; a dainty tread of antelope. We leaped the trail of driver ants and poked at the great houses of the white ants. The path rose and wound and fell now soft in green glow, now golden, now shimmery through the water as we balanced on a bare log. There was whine of monkey, scramble of timid unseen life, glide of dark snake. Then came the native farms—coffee, cocoa, plantain, cassava. Nothing is more beautiful than an African village—its harmonious colorings—its cleanliness, its dainty houses with the kitchen palaver place of entertainment, its careful delicate decorations and then the people. I believe that the African form in color and curve is the beautifulest thing on earth; the face is not so lovely—though often comely with perfect teeth and shining eyes,—but the form of the slim limbs, the muscled torso, the deep full breasts!

The bush is silence. Silence of things to be, silence vocal with infinite minor music and flutter and tremble—but silence, deep silence of the great void of Africa.

And the palms; some rose and flared like green fine work; some flared before they rose; some soared and drooped; some were stars and some were sentinels; then came the ferns—the feathery delicate things of grottos and haunts with us, leapt and sang in the sun—they thrust their virgin tracery up and out and almost to trees. Bizarre shapes of grass and shrub and leaf greeted us as though some artist all Divine was playing and laughing and trying every trick of his bewitched pencil above the mighty buildings of the ants.

I am riding on the singing heads of black boys swinging in a hammock. The smooth black bodies swing and sing, the neck set square, the hips sway. O lovely voices and sweet young souls of Africa!

MONROVIA

MONROVIA is a city set upon a hill. With coy African modesty her face is half turned from the bold and boisterous ocean and her wide black eyes gaze dreamfully up the Stockton and St. Paul. Her color is white and green and her head of homes rises slowly and widely in spacious shading verandah toward the great headland of Mesurado where the lighthouse screams to wandering ships. Her hair is

plaited decently on mighty palm leaves and mangoes; her bare feet, stained with travel, torn with ancient cicatriced wounds drabble in the harbor waters down on Water Street and shun the mud town Plymouth Rock which is Providence Island. Her feet are ugly and old, but oh her hands, her smooth and black and flying hands are beautiful and they linger on roof and porch, in wide-throated grassy street and always they pat and smooth her hair, the green and sluggish palms of her heavy beautiful hair. And there is gold in her hair.

AFRICA

THE spell of Africa is upon me. The ancient witchery of her medicine is burning my drowsy, dreamy blood. This is not a country, it is a world—a universe of itself and for itself, a thing Different, Immense, Menacing, Alluring. It is a great black bosom where the Spirit longs to die. It is life so burning, so fire encircled that one bursts with terrible soul inflaming life. One longs to leap against the sun and then calls, like some great hand of fate, the slow, silent crushing power of almighty sleep—of Silence, of immovable Power beyond, within, around. Then comes the calm. The dreamless beat of midday stillness at dusk, at dawn, at noon, always. Things move—black shiny bodies, perfect bodies, bodies of sleek unearthly poise and beauty. Eyes languish, black eyes—slow eyes, lovely and tender eyes in great dark formless faces. Life is slow here. Impetuous Americans quiver in impetuous graves. I saw where the ocean roars to the soul of Henry Highland Garnet. Life slows down and as it slows it deepens; it rises and descends to immense and secret places. Unknown evil appears and unknown good. Africa is the Spiritual Frontier of human kind—oh the wild and beautiful adventures of its taming! But oh! the cost thereof—the endless, endless cost! Then will come a day—an old and ever, ever young day when there will spring in Africa a civilization without coal, without noise, where machinery will sing and never rush and roar, and where men will sleep and think and dance and lie prone before the rising sons, and women will be happy.

The objects of life will be revolutionized. Our duty will not consist in getting up at seven, working furiously for six, ten and twelve hours, eating in sullen ravenousness or extraordinary repletion. No— We shall dream the day away and in cool dawns, in little swift hours, do all our work.

ICARIAN WINGS

卐 卐 COUNTÉE CULLEN 卐 卐

AT dusk when drowsy zephyrs blow,
My soul goes clad like Icarus,
To genie lands of summer snow;
Rejuvenated impetus
For laggard limbs is there; the lamp
Of far Cathay, my passive slave,
Works mighty change in court and camp,
And none my ire have strength to brave.

When silver rifts disturb the night
And herald light's diurnal reign,
My airy oars my pleas requite
With disobedience; in vain
Cajoleries and arts; once more
My lot to don the drab, dull husk
You know; my golden wings I store
And wait the halcyon time of dusk.

"AS A MAN THINKETH—"

WILLIAM ALBERT ROBINSON

ONE often suspects that a situation exists or one may even have somewhat definite knowledge of its existence and yet postpone definite action in the matter until he comes face to face with the incontrovertible and startling fact.

Negro physicians almost anywhere will admit that their patients when they become seriously ill, so often demand "consultation" which really means: "I feel that you have reached the limit of your knowledge in dealing with this case and I want you to bring in a white physician." Of course there are also cases where the intelligent patient feels that he wants the opinion of a specialist, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred the specialist, in the sense of the person who has had the means and ambition to go far into certain lines of research, knowing that the returns will justify the investment, is a white man. And to admit that reflects not at all upon the Negro physician. It requires "Boards" and scholarships or large personal resources to train a specialist, and in most lines, a large and intelligent practice to support one.

But, leaving out the intelligent desire for a specialist, which would probably be anticipated by the doctor himself, how general among Negroes is the feeling that the Negro limit is just below the white limit in the same general field.

With all the phenomenal growth of Negro business in various parts of the country, to what extent is there among us a general feeling of distrust of Negro business as being unworthy of the full confidence of the kind that one places in white business? And to what extent does such distrust originate in an intelligent feeling that Negroes are still novices along some lines of business, or to what extent is it the result of certain irrational attitudes of mind connected with a general distrust in "Negro" honesty, "Negro" ability, and in other virtues necessary to successful business administration which become seriously diluted where possessed at all by Negroes?

Questions of this kind might be raised about many fields of work which Negroes have entered by sheer force of merit, and, in a large number of cases, succeeded therein by merit sometimes accompanied with favorable local conditions; and in which naturally they have sometimes failed for lack of one or both of those conditions.

I do not know how my readers would answer these questions, but I, myself, feel that the answers are not favorable to our group. Or, in other words, if we answer them honestly, we must admit that there is a marked tendency in our group, consciously or unconsciously, toward certain habits of thinking about matters concerning the group; habits which are dangerous menaces to progress and largely responsible for some of the lack of progress along certain lines.

Some time ago in North Carolina I was called upon to give some educational tests in our County Training School which represents the best of our rural and small town schools in this state. These were merely to examine the progress which the children in the upper grades were making in silent reading and fundamentals of Arithmetic, but they brought sharply to my attention evidence of these very attitudes of thinking which I claim are prevalent and dangerous.

Monroe's Silent Reading Test has a paragraph worded about as follows: "Aladdin was the son of a poor tailor. He lived in Pekin, the capital city of China. He was always idle and lazy and liked to play better than to work. What kind of boy do you think he was? Indian—Negro—Chinese—French or Dutch?" The child was to show how well he had read and retained the meaning of the paragraph by underscoring the proper word.

At the first school tested, many of the children underscored the word "Negro", and in scoring the test such a response would have merely been rejected as wrong and showing that the child to that extent lacked ability in reading. But! Many of the rest of the responses testing ability to understand even more complex paragraphs were correct!

I was puzzled. At the second school visited I was still more puzzled by a similar reaction on the part of many of the stu-

dents, some of whom I knew personally to be bright and above the average. At the close of the test I called one fine, bright boy about twelve years old and asked him why he thought Aladdin was a Negro. Without hesitation he looked into my face and frankly said "Because he was lazy". There you have it!

At all the other schools I gave slips of paper to all the children and asked them to tell me why they answered question Number . . . . as they had. I still have some of those slips of paper that gave me such naive and frank replies discovering to me the existence of a fact that I may have suspected but conclusive evidence of which I never had had before.

The following are typical of the replies which they wrote for me: "Because Negroes like to play better than to work." "Because most Negroes are lazy." "Because Negroes do not like to work." "Because most Negroes are poor," etc.

Here were bright children, many of them, in some of the best schools who so frankly accepted certain popular beliefs unfavorable to the group that they simply could not make the very obviously proper response to a simple paragraph that included the word "Negro". In other words include the idea 'Negro' in a stimulus and very many of us simply cannot make the normal response.

If we see a particularly dirty Negro or a very loud Negro or a gaudily dressed Negro or a criminal Negro, we immediately forget all of the clean, cultured, well-behaved Negroes or else we take the attitude that the latter types are merely the exceptions. If a Negro bank fails, it was to be expected. If it succeeds we remain more or less suspicious that it is really just concealing an unsafe condition. If a Negro lawyer loses a case, the client should have had better sense than to have trusted his affairs to such weak hands. Or what is more insidious, we excuse the errors of an individual by saying, "Well, you know my folks". Or we justify an opinion by boasting: "I know my folks". Or we say "C. P. T." when we mean habitual lateness and so on.

Now I am sure that I do not need to make any argument to prove that we are not over endowed with vices nor under endowed with virtues. If my readers really have come to believe that we are lazy or dishonest, let them open their eyes to a few obvious facts. The most popular libel is that we are lazy and yet we do all of our own work and in the South all the work of everybody else. We build the railroads and the highways and do all the work that nobody else will do. Besides, no lazy people in the face of all the difficulties we have met could have accomplished since slavery, the amazing things which we have to our credit.

On the other hand, I need not say why this situation exists. The reader as he peruses this article is already either denying or explaining the situation and he is probably right. I believe the reasons are not difficult to locate. Much is a "hangover" from slavery and much has grown out of our isolation and consequent lack of knowledge of what the conditions are in the other group. We do not sit on the deacon board of the white Baptist church so we assume that there everything is conducted peacefully and intelligently and without the unreasonable situations that arise at our board meetings and are so disgusting to us.

I had a professor at college once who used to tell us young fellows that our education would never be liberal until we had been in school with white students and knew ourselves in that new perspective. Then there is the subtle influence of our school text books with their stock examples of virtue—George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and endless other white people. Most of our newspapers both black and white contribute to the same complexes. Art also is against us in many ways. When we are portrayed in drama it is to our disadvantage. The "Age of Innocence" is, in the final analysis just a little white baby girl, and on and on through the whole depressing list of causes ranging from the subtle and insidious to the overt and insistent. We are familiar with them all and each of us has come under their combined influences. What wonder if we have not entirely escaped the consequences!

As a man thinketh! It frightens me to think that this grasshopper spirit of mine and yours may keep us indefinitely from the "promised land" of our complete development. We cannot put forth our best effort when we believe that that best is a puny thing compared with our neighbor's best. And, worst of all, this deadening influence is just as strongly at work upon the children

as it ever was upon their grandfathers, fettering the rising generation that has so much more to face.

The remedy is not so apparent as one might think. One may change a man's clothes far more easily than one can change his habits of thought. I know no remedy but education. Call it propaganda, if you like, but I shall call it education. I would not by means of this education create a chauvinistic attitude that would work as much harm in the other direction as our present habit of thought now works in this but under the circumstances such a contingency is so remote that it hardly need be mentioned, or, indeed, considered at all.

While our obligation to educate does not end with our own group by any means and while we must correct the thinking of white people about us, still it is not what other people think that harms in the sense of controlling our effort, but what we think of ourselves.

On the other hand we cannot escape the challenge to our teachers, to the writers of advertising copy of our business, to our press, our pulpit and to all of us as individuals. It must be a conscious and concerted fight against a definite and dangerous menace.

HERE'S APRIL!

JESSIE FAUSET

I

THIS town that yesterday was dark and mean,
And dank and raw with Winter's freezing air,
Is Light itself today, and verdant Sheen
Gold-tinted, and besprent with perfume rare;
Translated over night to a parterre
That makes me dream of Araby and Spain,
And all the healing places of the Earth,
Where one lays by his woe, his bitter pain,—
For peace and mirth.

II

Old Winter that stayed by us black and drear,
And laid his blighting seal on everything,
Is vanished.—Is it true he once was here?—
Mark how the ash-trees bud, and children sing,
And birds set up a faint, shy jargoning;
And healing balm pours out from bole and leaf.
For Spring—sweet April's here in tree and grass!
Oh foolish heart to fret so with your grief!
This too shall pass!

The Looking Glass

LITERATURE

EDWIN MARKHAM in *Unity*:

What do we need to keep the nation whole,
To guard the pillars of the State? we need
The fine audacities of honest deed;
The homely old integrities of soul;
The swift temerities that take the part
Of outcast right—the wisdom of the heart;
Brave hopes that Mammon never can detain,
Nor sully with his gainless clutch for gain.
We need the Cromwell fire to make us feel
The common burden and the public trust
To be a thing as sacred and august
As the white vigil where the angels kneel.
We need the faith to go a path untrod,
The power to be alone and vote with God.

* * *

Seventeen year old Thelma Berlack of New York is the winner of the $20 first prize and the $50 monthly bonus prize awarded by the New York *World* in its "Biggest News of the Week" competition. Miss Berlack was graduated in 1923 from the three-year course at the Theodore Roosevelt High School with an average of 90 plus for the three years, the highest average ever made at that time for the entire course. She was awarded a silver scholarship pin and her name was placed on the permanent Honor Board in gold letters; she is now completing the four-year course. Miss Berlack's article was on the proposed Child Labor Amendment to the Constitution The *World* in commenting on Miss Berlack's success said editorially:

THELMA BERLACK

"The winning of the first $50 bonus in *The World's* 'Biggest News of the Week' competition by a Negro girl of sixteen who works for a living and finds time to be an accomplished musician, besides leading her high-school class, suggests that somehow the defenders of Nordic and masculine supremacy have been loafing on the job."

* * *

In order to meet the difficulty entailed by the failure of text-books to keep up to date with the constant revision and revaluation of knowledge The people's Institute Publishing Company of New York will publish lectures by leading scholars concurrent with their delivery. Each Lecture Course will compose a series of attractive and conveniently shaped pamphlets which will be mailed to subscribing students weekly. For those who wish to do more intensive work Study Courses are in preparation based on the lectures as texts. A course in psychology for instance, comprises twenty lectures; among the representative subjects are, "The Value of the Fictions which we invent about Ourselves", "The Unconscious and its Influence upon Human Behavior", "Is there a Group Mind? What governs the Behavior of People in Society?" "The Psychology of Propaganda and Public Opinion", "Are there Psychological Differences of Race?" "How much Progress can Human Nature Stand?"

In the first series of lectures in print now being conducted by Everett Dean Martin at Cooper Union, N. Y., for the People's Institute the lecturer endeavors to induce people to take a "scientific view of human behavior." He says:

I wish to emphasize as strongly as possible what it means to us to have such a view. If we are to live decently we must adapt ourselves to an environment which has become what it is because men have learned to apply to its control principles of cause and effect. To live in such a world we must learn new habits, new judgments about ourselves and about our neighbors; new ideas of the values of experience and the possibilities of human achievements. We must learn to control human behavior.

A COMPLEX ANALYZED

GERALD W. JOHNSON analyzes the Ku Klux in the February *American Mercury:*

The Ku Klux Klan has swept beyond the racial boundaries of the Negro and flourishes now in the Middle West because it is a perfect expression of the American idea that the voice of the people is the voice of God. The belief that the average klansman is consciously affected by an appeal to his baser self is altogether erroneous. In the voice of the organizer he hears a clarion call to knightly and selfless service. It strikes him as in no wise strange that he should be so summoned; is he not, as an American citizen, of the nobility? Politics has been democratized. Social usage has been democratized. Religion has been most astoundingly democratized. Why, then, not democratize chivalry?

The klansman has already been made, in his own estimation, politically a monarch, socially a peer of the realm, spiritually a high priest. Now the Ku Klux Klan calls him to step up and for the trifling consideration of ten dollars he is made a Roland, a Lancelot, a knight-errant vowed to the succor of the oppressed, the destruction of ogres and magicians, the defense of the faith. Bursting with noble ideals and lofty aspirations, he accepts the nomination. The trouble is that this incantation doesn't work, as none of the others has worked, except in his imagination. King, aristocrat, high priest as he believes himself to be, he is neither royal, noble, nor holy. So, under his white robe and pointed hood he becomes not a Chevalier Bayard but a thug.

The cult of the Nordic he accepts with the same sublime faith. It is not merely that he is totally unfamiliar with the arguments that may be advanced in favor of, say, Slavic, or Latin, or Semitic culture. He does not believe that any such arguments are possible. It simply never has occurred to him that there can be anything to say on the other side. This romance under the label of ethnology has been foisted upon him partly by fantastic imbeciles who believe it themselves, but largely by the economic overlords of the country, who are desperately afraid of what might happen if the nimble-witted economic soothsayers that the Slavs and Latins and Semites are producing in hordes ever began to inject their theories into the stolid Nordic brain. The idea was to make of the American proletarian an economic, as well as a political patriot. The result has been to make him a racial bully.

THE LONDON STAGE

A CORRESPONDENT writes us from Mayfair:

Mr. G. W. Lattimore by arrangement with the Gaumont Film Co. Ltd., recently presented for an exclusive West-End showing in London, the famous British super-film "Bonnie Prince Charlie" featuring Miss Gladys Cooper, Britain's most popular actress, as Flora Macdonald and Mr. Ivor Novello as Bonnie Prince Charlie. More than 200 people attended the opening performance.

The story is based on the rebellion of 1745 when Charles Edward Stuart attempted to regain the English crown. A notable feature of the presentation of this film was the versatility and highly commendable performance of Mr. J. Francis Mores, who in the specially arranged Prologue, as a replica of a Scottish nobleman of the period, eloquently renders the verses of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" written by Stephen Ridsdale. Mr. Mores also appeared in an Epilogue in which he impersonated the character of a Scottish clansman, singing in pure Doric "Will ye no come back agen." His splendid impersonation of these two characters was of sensational interest and "the talk of London."

Mr. Mores has remained in England for the purpose of continuing his vocal studies with the famous Italian master, Signor Clerici, and his début at the Aeolian Hall a short time ago met with the hearty approval of the leading musical critics. He has since appeared with great success in Ireland, and in March undertook to give a recital at the Queen's Hall under the management of Mr. G. W. Lattimore.

ON ST. HELENA ISLAND

ROSSA B. COOLEY, head of Penn School on St. Helena Island off the South Carolina Coast writes in the *Survey Graphic* of the problems in that fascinating community:

No one who lives in the South and who may claim southern friends can fail to appreciate the horrors of reconstruction as well as those of slavery; and to sense the reason for the separation between the two races. Time has tempered these things somewhat, and in our southern communities many profess an appreciation of the old-time Negro. Yet few express similar interest in the young race, and not generally recognized is the nature of some of the mistakes made during the reconstruction period. These have much to do with this gulf between the generations which has come in to cast race feelings in these new terms.

. . . . . .

I should like to bear witness to the new generation as they have carried themselves under conditions where they have had a chance to show the stuff that is in them. This may help others to see life as these girls have had to come at it, the lay of some of their chief obstacles, the way to overcome them. It may help others to understand that while the ancient occupations of womenfolk remain their charge, the gage that freedom set to these Negro women of the southern countrysides was not to become

housemaids to be had for wages by city dwellers; but to become the home-makers and mothers and farm women for their own rural communities.

To understand the girls now coming on, we must understand the generation that preceded them; a generation that had only childish memories or none at all of the war that meant emancipation. In this transitional period they skipped the lessons of hand skill which slavery taught. . . .

But home-makers are surely being made; young women who will see to it that their children do not skip the lessons they themselves learned—young women who are seeing clearly that there is dignity in labor well done.

It is these oncoming Negro women who have had a chance at the new training, who must be reckoned with in any sweeping generalization as to the grandchildren of the slaves. Potentially they are of first importance, but in number, through no fault of their own, they are few; for at best such schools as Penn touch only the fringe of a generation, and in many districts the public schools run for only four to six months a year and offer few lessons in home culture. The people who have criticized the industrial inefficiency of the younger Negro men and women have often been the very ones who have opposed the expenditure of money or questioned Negro education. . . .

One of the criticisms we most often hear of the "young race" is that they spend all their own money on their backs. They do, some of them, as many a city street will convince you. But this very matter of clothes, after all, is not to be so simply disposed of. It reaches deep, as Carlyle has shown in his Sartor Resartus.

* * *

The natural color to be found in the Islands calls for color in the clothes of the natives. This last tendency, however, is passing:

When spring comes to the Islands, it fairly shouts. The new greens of the oaks, the yellow jessamine, the little front yards with their daffodils, and later the oleanders and the crepe myrtles, all this must affect the young race and it does. Flowers appear in the boys' buttonholes and in the girls' hair, and I think Dame Nature is the one who has given the Negroes their love of color so often criticized by us of a colder race. If this innate love for color and ornament were developed, not as we Westerners feel it, but as they as an Eastern people feel it, America might be made richer.

The passing of the bandanna has been a distinct loss, I think, in our rural life. The women used always to wear this bright-colored head-dress wound close to show the shape of the head. When we reached the Islands nineteen years ago, bandannas had begun to go, the black and white head-cloths had taken their place, and hats had found a place on top of the head-cloths. The teachers as well as the older girls are waging a continual war on the strings that are sometimes used in braiding the hair of the little tots, a custom used in the old days, some mothers have told me, to help to make the hair grow, and also to save time, for alas! the braids could "stay in" indefinitely. The young Negro women teachers are a continual object lesson to the Island girls in their dress and coiffure. The cultivated Negro woman knows how to dress simply and in perfect taste. Probably, on the money she spends, she is among the best dressed of any race.

* * *

The trained Negro teacher is unequalled:

The strength of the Negro teachers lies in the fact that they have made the journey; they are of the race and know their own strength and needs and weakness. Their brackground of inherited wealth, not of money but of those things that are of greatest value, is less than that of the white teachers, but when there is ambition and a love for hard work, the Negro teacher can keep head and shoulders above her class and be a leader they love to follow for she inspires them to be like her.

There is a similar spirit in the new home-makers. Theirs is a struggle to get footing for the family in their community, a better chance for their children than they had. . . .

A school like ours is like a factory; its ultimate product, homes. The process of education has woven its way through the generations of the race in this country and the past has a vital connection with the present.

* * *

Miss Cooley sums up:

I have tried to place the young country woman against a background that explains the upward struggle she has had to make. I have shown the advance of the women field hands to householders, from the hut on the "Street" to rural homes, from an ignorance of health measures to their study and practice. I started with reference to that widespread prejudice against the Young Negroes which is often based on the lack of an understanding of the forces and conditions that have surrounded them. This gap in understanding is especially tragic in its isolation of the young people of the two races in the South.

Great tide rivers seem to typify the separation of the young people of the two races. There can be mutual respect only through knowledge. Many of the oncoming generation of the white race are coming across the rivers. When they understand the conditions, the struggles, the successes of the oncoming generation of the black race, a struggle shared to its depths by the women of the race, then we can hope that the great experiment in democracy has a chance of winning out. As one of our Island farmers put it, "A good understanding is a good stand."

Hampton Institute

Hampton, Virginia

Founded in 1868 by General Armstrong to train selected colored youths who should go out to teach and lead their people.

Hampton stands for "a sound body, a trained capacity, and an unselfish outlook on life".

Hampton is an industrial village: 1,100 acres; 140 buildings; 835 boarding students, including 77 college students; 385 day pupils in practice-school; 850 summer-school students; 200 teachers and workers.

Hampton has over 2512 graduates and over 8800 former students; also numerous outgrowths, including Tuskegee, founded by Booker T. Washington.

Hampton offers courses in five schools of normal and collegiate grade—Agricultural, leading to B.S. in Agricultural Education; Business; Home Economics; Normal, leading to B.A. in Education; and Trade; —and in two schools of secondary grade—Academy and Trade (11 four-year courses).

Hampton needs annual scholarships at $100 each and endowed scholarships at $2,500 each; also $160,000 annually above regular income.

JAMES E. GREGG Principal — **FRANK K. ROGERS** Treasurer

KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT ATLANTA UNIVERSITY

In full operation since 1912
Professional course of two years
Address
Kindergarten Department
Atlanta University **Atlanta, Ga.**

WALDEN COLLEGE

Students who contemplate attending Walden 1924-1925 required to write now concerning entrance.

All Waldenites requested to write Alma Mater.

T. R. Davis, *President.* **Nashville, Tenn.**

Virginia Theological Seminary and College

LYNCHBURG, VA.

College, Academy, Normal and Seminary Courses. Well equipped laboratories. Strong, experienced faculty. Courses modern and thorough. Rates reasonable.

For information address
ROBERT C. WOODS, President.

LINCOLN UNIVERSITY *of* MISSOURI

Founded 1866 by the 62d and 65th United States Colored Infantry and supported by the State of Missouri as an institution of *higher learning.*

information as to terms and courses,

Address: Nathan B. Young, President
Jefferson City, Mo.

University of West Tennessee

Memphis, Tenn.

School of Engineering

Standard courses in Mechanical, Electrical and Automobile Engineering. Session divided into four quarters of three months each. Institution has over three hundred graduates in twenty states and four foreign countries.

For further information, Address
M. V. Lynk, M.S., M.D., LL.B., President
Memphis, Tennessee

The

Business College

of Simmons University offers the following subjects by mail:

MODERN BOOKKEEPING
BANKING AND FINANCE — LAW OF BANKING
CORPORATION ACCOUNTING
COST ACCOUNTING — CIVIL SERVICE
BUSINESS ENGLISH — BUSINESS ARITHMETIC
SHORTHAND AND SECRETARIAL COURSES
ALL STYLES OF PENMANSHIP

It is our business to prepare you for a better salaried position. Write for information.

C. H. PARRISH, Pres.
SIMMONS UNIVERSITY LOUISVILLE, KY.

Are you timid or nervous when facing an audience? I teach public speaking and letter writing by mail.

L. JACKSON, Box 3, Oakland, California

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

An Episcopal boarding school for girls, under the direction of the sisters of St. Mary. Address: THE SISTER-IN-CHARGE, 6138 Germantown Avenue. Philadelphia, Pa.

Meharry Medical College : : A CLASS "A" COLLEGE

with departments of Medicine, Dentistry and Pharmacy and a Nurse Training School
ALL DEPARTMENTS RECENTLY REORGANIZED

Two years (Class One) college work required for admission to the study of medicine. One year of college work required for admission to Department of Dentistry. Graduation from a four years' High School or Normal School required for admission to the departments of pharmacy and nurse training.
For catalog and application blank address:
John J. Mullowney, M.D., President of Meharry Medical College, Nashville, Tenn.

Take advantage of the exceptional
VACATION OPPORTUNITY
offered by the
SUMMER SESSION
of
Howard University
Spend part of the summer enjoying both the facilities of this unique institution and a visit to
THE NATION'S CAPITAL
For full information, address the
Registrar, Howard University,
Washington, D. C.

TEACHERS
AND
STUDENTS

We would like to secure the services of teachers and students during vacation to act as agents—taking subscriptions and selling single copies
of
THE CRISIS
Liberal commission is offered
***Address:* THE CRISIS**
69 FIFTH AVENUE **NEW YORK, N. Y.**

HOTEL DALE
CAPE MAY, N. J.
Opens May 1, 1924 **Closes October 1, 1924**

Rates reduced in keeping with the times. This magnificent Hotel, located in the heart of the Most Beautiful Seashore Resort in the world, is replete with every Modern Improvement. Service and Refined Patronage. Orchestra daily. Garage, Tennis, etc., on Premises. Special attention given to ladies and children. Booklet.
E. W. DALE, Owner.

HOW TO CONTROL OTHERS
How to win love and friendship, make money, gain success, cure bashfulness, overcome fear, get more joy and happiness out of life. Marvellous oriental method introduced into Spain by ancient Moors. Spreading like wildfire. Free book (in English) tells you what to do—sent from mysterious inscrutable, enigmatical, far-away South America. Send 50c (stamps) to help cover postage, etc. The Key to Success, Dept. 7, P. O. Box 613, Buenos Aires, Argentina, South America.

Two Very Special Lists of BOOKS

I. HISTORY

Short History of the American Negro (Benjamin Brawley)	**$2.00**
Negro in American History (J. W. Cromwell)	**2.00**
The Negro (W. E. B. DuBois)	**1.00**
A Social History of the American Negro (Benjamin Brawley)	**4.00**
The Negro in Our History (Carter G. Woodson)	**2.00**

II. LITERATURE

Darkwater (W. E. B. DuBois)	**$2.25**
American Negro Poetry (James Weldon Johnson)	**1.75**
The Negro in Literature and Art (Benjamin Brawley)	**1.50**
There is Confusion (Jessie Redmon Fauset)	**2.00**
Harlem Shadows (Claude McKay)	**1.35**

These prices do not include postage.
The postage is extra. Prompt and careful attention will be given to all orders.

***Address:* THE CRISIS**
69 Fifth Ave. **New York, N. Y.**

NATURAL HAIR WIGS
DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURER

Every wig is made to your measure by hand, using only the best of materials. (Not machine made.)

Short Curly Wig

This picture shows the Short Curly Wig made with a short part in front only. Either at right or left side. One part only. **Price $13.50.**

Number 4 Wig

The Number 4 Wig is a four parted wig, parted from center in forehead to back of neck. Also parted across the head from ear to ear. **Price $21.00.**

Many Other Styles

Also full line Bobs, Transformations, Switches, Ear Puffs and Combs. Send for free catalog.

ALEX MARKS
662 S. 8th Ave. at 42nd **New York City**

THE NEGRO IN OUR HISTORY

By

Dr. CARTER GODWIN WOODSON

$2.15 by mail

Published in June, this book has already been adopted as a textbook for schools conducting courses in History and Sociology. The following desirable features make it the most useful book on the Negro:

It contains 20 chapters, 126 illustrations, references for future study and important documents in the appendix.

It is well-thought-out, logically developed, tersely written and beautifully illustrated.

It has a logical arrangement, accurate citations, a vigorous style and positive statements to avoid ambiguity and inspire clear thinking.

It shows an admirable balance between the economic and the political, between the purely narrative and the material.

It analyzes and discusses every phase of Negro life and history without the bias of many writers on social problems.

It is the only textbook on the Negro written from the point of view of the student and in conformity with the requirements of the schoolroom.

There is no better volume to recommend either to the man in the street or to the serious student.

THE ASSOCIATED PUBLISHERS, INC.

1538 Ninth Street, N. W. Washington, D. C.

Earn Extra Money Each Week!

Taking orders for our high grade line of Calling and Business Cards, Fraternal Cards, Monogrammed Stationery, Wedding Invitations, Announcements, etc. Wide range of fashionable styles and sizes supplied at popular prices. Big demand everywhere. Liberal commissions allowed agents. No experience necessary as we furnish instructions with outfit. All orders filled promptly and sent prepaid. Write today for samples and agents' terms.

THE HOUSE OF CHOWNING

627 Adelaide St. Indianapolis, Ind.

10TH ANNUAL

FASHION SHOW

Given by

UTOPIA NEIGHBORHOOD CLUB

at

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

(Madison Ave. and 26th St.)

New York, N. Y.

TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 6TH, 1924

(To establish in Harlem a Child-Helping and Recreation Center for Colored Children whose mothers work away from home.)

FASHION PROMENADE, 8:45 O'CLOCK

General admission, $1.00 Reserved seats, $1.50

Reserved seats may be purchased from Daisy C. Reed, President, 127 W. 130th St., Res. Tel., Havemeyer, 1349, Esther Bright, Treas., 229 W. 131st St., Tel. Bradhurst, 5450, Odessa Warren, 2293 - 7th Ave., Tel. Morningside, 0536, (all New York, N. Y., addresses) or any member of the Club.

Badges, Banners, Lodge Regalia

For all Lodge and Church Societies

CENTRAL REGALIA CO.

JOS. L. JONES, Pres.

641 W. 9th St. Cincinnati, Ohio

A MONEY GETTER because it is A CROWD GETTER

Churches and Clubs looking for a play that will afford an evening of Side-Splitting Fun, should have

The Slabtown Convention

An entertainment in one act, full of wit and good humor. Scores of churches have cleared from One to Two Hundred Dollars in One Night. Price, 50c

MISS NANNIE H. BURROUGHS, Author

Lincoln Heights Washington, D. C.

AGENTS WANTED!

$3 to $12 Per Day made selling PROF. KELLY MILLER'S new **PROGRESS OF COLORED PEOPLE**

Teachers, students, male or female, ministers, widows, married women, any one with spare time, can make $1 per hour. Everybody buys; it's easy to sell. Send for terms and outfit at once; act today.

AUSTIN JENKINS BIBLE COMPANY, 523 Ninth Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mention THE CRISIS

TWO NEW BOOKS ON THE NEGRO

NEGRO POETS AND THEIR POEMS

An Epoch-Making Work

By R. T. Kerlin, author of THE VOICE OF THE NEGRO

An original interpretation of the mind of the Negro as reflected in the contemporary poetry of the race. Neatly printed, beautifully illustrated and well bound. The only thorough work in this field hitherto published.

$1.50 at all booksellers
$1.65 by mail

VEILED ARISTOCRATS

A Gripping Purpose Novel

By Gertrude Sanborn, the Noted Writer of Feature Stories

An absorbing story full of vivid characters, written with a swing and exhibiting admirable technique. It is the most powerful and the most significant of any of the novels inspired by the social crisis.

$1.50 at all booksellers
$1.65 by mail

THE ASSOCIATED PUBLISHERS, Inc.

1538 NINTH ST., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

There Is Confusion

by JESSIE REDMON FAUSET

THEODORE DREISER, Eugene O'Neill, Franz Molnar, Hendrik Van Loon, Waldo Frank, Maxim Gorky, Jean Toomer, Konrad Bercovici—stars of the literary heavens—have been published by the firm that now proclaims the advent of a new constellation, Jessie Redmon Fauset, literary editor of THE CRISIS, recipient of high scholastic honors. She has given us a wise and stirring novel in THERE IS CONFUSION. Describing with deep imaginative insight the life among the intellectual circles developing in northern cities among colored people, she has given to the world the first lucid presentation of Negro cultural life, in a story that throbs with passion and drama.

"It can be confidently commended to that increasing band—who will welcome its reactions in the best types and classes of colored folk—a social document of sterling and intimate character."—*Alain Locke.*

•

This book may be secured at any bookshop; it may also be purchased from THE CRISIS or directly from the publishers who will send the book postpaid on receipt of orders through the mails. The price is $2.00.

BONI & LIVERIGHT **GOOD BOOKS** **61 WEST 48TH STREET NEW YORK, N.Y.**

CLEOTA COLLINS, Lyric Soprano

"The quality of her voice is *sweet;* her manner of using it is *expressive* and *unaffected* and her interpretative equipment suggests serious study combined with mental attainments of marked alertness and value. It has given me real pleasure to hear her sing."—*Harry T. Burleigh.*

For Terms Write

GEORGE C. LACY, Manager, 199 Hamilton Ave., Columbus, O.

SELIKA QUARTET THE QUARTET INCOMPARABLE

EACH MEMBER AN ARTIST

MINNIE BROWN, Soprano — DAISY TAPLEY, Contralto

CHARLES H. WATERS, Tenor — G. WARREN TARRANT, Basso Baritone

Can furnish part or entire program.

Available for

CONCERT — RECITAL — ORATORIO

These artists can also be engaged separately.

For terms address:

MRS. DAISY TAPLEY

165 W. 136TH ST. NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Lincoln Hospital and Home
TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES
in the city of New York

offers to young colored women a three years' course of instruction in nursing. Capacity of hospital—420 beds. Post Graduate Course of six months to graduates of accredited schools.

For information apply to:

Superintendent of Nurses
MISS S. J. FORD
Lincoln Hospital and Home
New York, N. Y.

Provident Hospital
and
Training School for Nurses

offers to young colored women a three years' course in the practice and theory of NURSING. Affiliated with Chicago Lying In Hospital and Northwestern University Medical Dispensary. Graduates eligible for registration in any state. Classes now forming. For information apply to Superintendent,

Provident Hospital
16 West 36th Street **Chicago, Illinois**

FRATERNAL HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF NURSING

42 Dorsey Street MONTGOMERY, ALA.

A scientific and professional course to women between 19-35 years of age, with High School education or its equivalent.

For information write Superintendent of Nurses

CLARA ROMA

LYRIC SOPRANO

Recitalist

For further information address

P. O. Box 1502
Washington, D. C.

CHESTER A. SMITH

Baritone

Concerts Oratorios Recitals

Address

122 CAMDEN ST., BOSTON, MASS.

BE A COMPETENT STENOGRAPHER

"Let whosoever will," that desires to become a competent Stenographer, "Come" to

THE STENOGRAPHERS' INSTITUTE

popularly known as

DUNCAN'S BUSINESS SCHOOL

1227 S. 17th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Why do particular business men send to us for stenographers?

Answer—Because our graduates are able to read the shorthand they write, are fast typists and good bookkeepers.

Spring Term Starts April 1st

(We multigraph and typewrite letters for the public)

MRS. E. J. DUNCAN, Notary Public
EDWARD T. DUNCAN, Principal

5000 AGENTS and DEALERS WANTED

Unbreakable Walking and Talking Dolls. Light Brown Skin with Long Curls and Beautiful Dresses.

Size 19 inches $2.98
$25 Dozen

Also lots of other Dolls and Novelties. Photo Medallions, Photo Jewelry, Toys, Negro Post Cards, Negro Religious Pictures, Photo enlargements.

We copy from Photo. We return all Photos. Prompt Shipments. Free Catalog.

BELL MFG. CO., Box 103, Jamaica, N. Y.

SPECIAL OFFER

Send us $3.00 for two paid up yearly subscriptions to THE CRISIS and we will send you a beautiful copy of

"UP FROM SLAVERY"

by

Dr. Booker T. Washington

Beautifully printed and handsomely bound in English Red Leather.

THE EAST INDIA HAIR GROWER

Will promote a Full Growth of Hair. Will also Restore the Strength, Vitality and the Beauty of the Hair. If your Hair is Dry and Wiry Try

EAST INDIA HAIR GROWER

If you are bothered with Falling Hair, Dandruff, Itching Scalp or any Hair Trouble, we want you to try a jar of EAST INDIA HAIR GROWER. The remedy contains medical properties that go to the roots of the Hair, stimulate the skin, helping nature do its work. Leaves the hair soft and silky. Perfumed with a balm of a thousand flowers. The best known remedy for Heavy and Beautiful Black Eye-Brows. Also restores Gray Hair to its Natural Color. Can be used with Hot Iron.

Price Sent by Mail, 50c; 10c Extra for Postage

AGENTS OUTFIT
1 Hair Grower, 1 Temple Oil, 1 Shampoo, 1 Pressing Oil, 1 Face Cream and Direction for Selling. $3.00. 25c Extra for Postage.

S. D. LYONS
316 N. Central
Dept. B.
Oklahoma City, Okla.

$14.95 Suit

Made to Order Now

Postage Paid

SEND NO MONEY

To introduce unbeatable values, classy style, perfect fit of PROGRESS tailoring we offer, for $14.95 tailored to measure any style suit of your choice, delivered postpaid. We Guarantee Satisfaction or Money Back. Other wonderful values up to $30.50.

AGENTS WANTED EARN $9 to $18 DAILY spare time showing our samples to friends and neighbors, we explain how, no experience needed. Big Outfit, agent's wholesale prices, real wool pieces, fashion styles, tape measure, etc. Complete outfit and simple directions, FREE, write at once.

FREE SAMPLES

The PROGRESS TAILORING CO. Dept. D-117 CHICAGO

GOOD PAY—Representatives take orders for **Metallic Letters** Spare time or full

New England Corporation of Advertisers
Copley Square Station, Box 27, Boston, Mass.

The Colored Teachers' Bureau

Will Help You Get a Better Paying Position.

REGISTER NOW REASONABLE TERMS

Address: Colored Teachers' Bureau
Box 23, Wilberforce, O.

LIVE IN CALIFORNIA

Free yourself from Jim-Crowism. Live where you can protect your wives and families. Learn about homes, work, business and professions. Get the TRUTH. Send money order for 50c and we will send you our booklet, "THE COLORED CALIFORNIAN", worth hundreds to home seekers. Live Agents Wanted.

S. P. DONES CO., INC., Publishers.
1720 Central Avenue Los Angeles, California

Your Gold Tooth Polished
Your White Teeth Bleached
By Using Dr. WELTERS' Antiseptic
—TOOTH POWDER—

Absolutely Free From Grit and Acid
And Prevents Decay

Ask your druggist. If he hasn't got it, ask him to order it for you. Send 27 Cents in Stamps for a full size package.

The E. A. Welters' Tooth Powder Co., Inc.
410 BROAD ST., JACKSONVILLE, FLA.
Agents and Distributors Wanted
Extra Large Profit Guaranteed

The Largest and Only Tooth Powder Manufacturing Corporation Owned and Controlled by Negroes in the United States.

Not an Ordinary Dentifrice but a Scientific Preparation Specially Prepared for Polishing "GOLD" in the Mouth, "BLEACHING" the Teeth, Healing and Hardening Bleeding Gums.